

THE Monthly Museum;

OR,

DUBLIN LITERARY REPERTORY,

FOR MARCH, 1814.

History, Antiquities, Biography.

MEMOIRS OF
MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.
(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

THE lives of celebrated writers must be discovered in their works: their retired habits seldom give scope to the display of those active virtues, or to those vicissitudes of life, that supply matter to the biographer. The subject of the present memoir furnishes a confirmation of this assertion: though her name had been deservedly famous by her many publications, all tending to the promulgation of truth, and the support of virtue, the interest she has attracted by her writings has been much heightened by the literary persecution of which she was the innocent victim.

Madame La Baronne de Stael Holstein is the daughter of two celebrated characters, Monsieur Necker, so famous previous to the French revolution, and Mademoiselle Curchodi de Nasse, a lady once beloved by our celebrated Gibbon, but in whose breast the passion of love gave way to the more sober dictates of the head; his father having objected to the connection from her want of fortune.

To form a just idea of Madame de Stael, it may be proper to take a slight sketch of her parents, particularly of her father, who was the son of a professor of celebrity

at Geneva, in Switzerland, but whose ancestors originally settled there from Custring in Germany.

Though this gentleman may have erred in his political career, though not in principle, there is still much truth in that character of him, which describes him to have possessed a mind adapted equally to the elevation of sublime contemplation, and to the low drudgery of official business; a temper formed to bear prosperity without insolence, and adversity without discontent; in short, that assemblage of qualities so rarely met with, which once were possessed by the great Clarendon, and which have conferred renown on some of the greatest men of antiquity. Such was the character given of him in this country in the year 1788, and such was the character which he presented for a series of twenty-six years afterwards, until the age of seventy, through all the changes and horrors of the French revolution. In a sketch of his life, by his estimable daughter, we are informed that it was at the age of fifteen that he went alone to Paris, with a fortune very limited, but which his parents wished him to increase by commerce. From that period, not only was he the architect of his

own fortune, but also the support of his family: "for," says Madame de Stael, "all that we are, we have nothing but through him: happiness, fortune, and fame, all these brilliant advantages with which my first years were surrounded, it is to my father alone that I owe them, and in this instant in which I have lost him (1804), it is only by recalling his idea, by reflecting on his sentiments, that I find myself able to fulfil my duties, and even to attempt to speak of him."

For twenty years his whole life was spent in business, unrelieved by a participation in what are termed the pleasures of life; but at five-and-thirty he formed that union which gave birth to the subject of our biography.

This was in the year 1765, his lady being the daughter of the pastor of Crassy, in the country of Vaudois, a reformed clergyman, exiled from France in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, by which also he lost his whole private fortune. This young lady was possessed of every virtue, both her parents being extremely amiable; indeed she joined to a learned education all the softer accomplishments of her sex; and even in his subsequent commercial and political arrangements, her husband derived great advantages from her knowledge and her good sense.

Monsieur Necker, in his commercial exertions in Paris, was both a merchant and a banker, and was even for some time a partner with the well known Louis Texier, then an eminent merchant in London. Indeed, as Madame de Stael herself observes, he might have accumulated a great fortune as a merchant, if he could but have convinced himself that wealth was necessary to happiness; but he often declar-

ed that he was never ambitious either of wealth or power.

Soon after his marriage, Monsieur Necker was appointed Minister for his native republic at the French court; and such was his disinterestedness, that although he accepted the office, yet he refused the profits attached to it. The appointment, however, gave him rank at the court, and it was from these circumstances that the young Mademoiselle Necker enjoyed all the advantages of education, and of mixing, even in her earliest youth, with all the *beau monde* of Paris.

To recapitulate the various events of her youthful years is not the object of the present memoir, but we may judge of the manner in which her sentiments were formed by tracing the political history of her father, who, however, did not confine himself entirely to the affairs of state in his diplomatic capacity, nor subsequently in his elevation to the rank of French Minister of Finance, nor even to commercial concerns solely in his earliest years; for we find that although only fifteen when he entered the counting house of his uncle, Monsieur Vernet, at Paris, yet he still preserved his taste for literature, having in his boyish days excelled in all his classical studies, and often obtained the prize at college; indeed he was not averse to poetical pursuits, and even wrote some comedies before he was twenty years of age, which, although said to be possessed of great merit, he would never permit to be performed.

At the age of twenty-five he became intimate with the celebrated Raynal, and it cannot be doubted that the two friends mutually improved each other; to this connection we may perhaps also attri-

bute some of Madame de Stael's literary celebrity and distinguished philosophical modes of thinking; as it was impossible she could, with a mind like that which she possesses, participate in such an intercourse without profiting considerably by it.

In 1773, her father was much occupied by his financial writings, and even obtained the prize in that year for his *Eulogy on Colbert*, the former French Minister, which was read at the Academy of Sciences. In 1776 he visited London, where he made himself so completely master of the theory of the English funds, that on his return to Paris he was named Director of the Royal Treasury, and in the succeeding year appointed Director General of the Finances. To follow him through all the changes of his fortune is not our intention, but the foregoing sketch will tend to exemplify the means of early acquirement, both in political and in philosophical knowledge, of which Madame de Stael was so eminently possessed, as she has shewn by her various productions.

It was fortunate for this lady that both she and her parents escaped unhurt from the vortex of the French revolution; perhaps their safety may in some measure have been owing to her marriage with the Baron de Stael Holstein, minister plenipotentiary from the court of Sweden to the French republic, which took place some time about the year 1794; before which event, and immediately afterwards, she distinguished herself by several political tracts, and by some advice which she offered to the powers of Europe then in coalition.

Since that period, Madame de Stael has been the victim of poli-

tical events; and particularly about 1796, having returned to Paris, she was denounced by Legendre, the butcher, and the well known Jacobin, as a person that entertained views hostile to the republic. Her rank, owing to the diplomatic situation of her husband, perhaps preserved her; but the neutrality which Sweden found it necessary to preserve towards France, obliged her to conceal her sentiments until circumstances should permit their open avowal: accordingly we find that, in July, 1796, she had retired to Lausanne, in Switzerland, where she first published her interesting work *On the Influence of the Passions on Individuals, and on National Happiness*; on which occasion she justified her publication of the work; saying, that being condemned to celebrity without being known, she found it necessary to give the world a fair opportunity of judging of her by her writings; that calumniated without ceasing, and thinking herself of too little importance to trouble the world with her memoirs, she gave way to the hope that in publishing the fruit of her meditations, she might impart some idea of the habits of her life, and of the true nature of her character.

This work added much to Madame de Stael's literary fame; but indeed her former ones did not fail of gaining admirers; and Mr. Fox did not disdain to quote her, in a speech in the House of Commons, with respect to some observations published by her in 1794, implying that if the European powers did not make peace with France in that year, it was difficult to say in the centre of what empire the republicans might refuse to grant it in the succeeding one.

Madame de Stael must indeed at that time have thought very seriously, for the private life of her parents had been much interrupted by political squabbles, arising from the violent opposition made by many persons at the old French court, to the economical plans of her father; and in 1788, then only twelve years of age, when Monsieur Necker was exiled by Louis XVI. to the distance of forty leagues from Paris, she accompanied him in his retirement, softening his misfortune, and also in acquiring a philosophical steadiness from his example: indeed she herself describes him as waiting patiently for the future development of events, with the same calmness that he exhibited in every crisis, as a man exposed neither to pains of the heart, nor to the upbraidings of a guilty conscience.

Subsequent events had also given her opportunities of exercising that philosophy, particularly in 1789, when her parents were forced to leave her at Paris, under the care of her uncle, they going off secretly for Brussels, in order to avoid the disturbances likely to arise from M. Necker's dismissal. This took place on the 11th of July, only three days before the memorable day of the destruction of the Bastille, the minister of marine bringing her father his order of banishment, just as the family was sitting down to dinner with a large party. This dismissal created an alarm in Paris next day. The terrors of the court were excited, and the attack on the peaceable people in the *Champs Elisees* caused them to arm, when they hoisted a green cockade, the colour of M. Necker's livery, and two days after took the Bastille.

Three days afterwards, Mademoiselle Necker set off from Paris

to join her parents at Brussels, where she found them just as they had arrived from their journey, and dressed exactly as they had left the dinner table; and she tells us that this dress, all covered with dust, the strange name which her father had taken not to be recognized, the love she felt for him in his misfortunes, and, in short, all the circumstances of the case, had such an effect upon her, that on first discovering him in the hall of the inn, she threw herself upon the ground prostrate before him, without regard to the strangers around her.

Even this journey, on the part of Mademoiselle Necker, had something remarkable in it; for the very morning after the first departure of her parents she received a letter from her father, in which he directed her to go to the family country seat near Paris, lest the people should offer public honours to her in behalf of her father: so anxious was he not to give offence to the ruling powers.

This letter was, however, too late to prevent it; as that very morning deputations from all the quarters of that metropolis waited on her, and expressed the highest sentiments of respect for the fallen minister.

She confesses that she scarcely knows the extent to which her youth and enthusiasm permitted her to feel, in consequence of these extraordinary honours; but she obeyed instantly her father's directions, and with great good sense retired to the distance of some miles from Paris, where a second letter found her, and directed that she should proceed to Brussels. The intention of Necker, from the first, was to proceed to his native country; but he had chosen the route to Brussels as the

shortest, for the purpose of quitting France; he therefore set off to pursue his route to Switzerland, through Germany, accompanied by the Baron de Stael, who was then connected with the family, whilst Madame Necker and her daughter followed at a slower pace; and on their arrival at Frankfort they were stopped by a courier who was actually carrying letters from the King and the National Assembly, recalling Monsieur Necker a third time to the office of Minister of State. Neither Madame nor her daughter, however, were dazzled by this change of fortune, but followed the gentlemen to Basle, where they joined them, and where Necker determined, though much against his inclination, to return; as he had heard of the events of the 14th of July, and now saw that his first task would be to support the royal authority, in the exercise of which duty he was certain to lose his popularity.

To one possessed of the vivid imagination of Madame de Stael, this journey, when contrasted with her former one, must have been gratifying in the extreme, as the whole route of the party was marked by the highest honours which could be shown them in the various towns through which they passed, her father's return being hailed as the pledge of peace, plenty, and happiness; even some of the most respectable citizens actually driving their carriages from post to post, instead of the usual post-boys.

Mr. Necker appeared, and was adored, but only for a day. His first act was to request mercy to Baron Porzenvall, a faithful Swiss officer who had been arrested.— Mercy ill accorded with the frenzy of the people. Necker was loudly abused, and after several months

attempting to serve the king and the country he retired; but on quitting Paris he was arrested by the mob on his way, his life was endangered, and that of his family, and with difficulty he was released at the express decree of the National Assembly. Such is popular favour!!

After those various changes, Monsieur Necker retired to his little family estate, at Coppet, in Switzerland; and there he was during the residue of his life. On his first retirement Madame de Stael followed him; and there she visited him from time to time, whilst he amused himself in educating her children, in instructing them in morals, and in perfecting them in the truths of religion.

At this period she had the misfortune to lose her mother, who during her long illness was particularly partial to music, and engaged some musicians to come every evening, in order that the impressions produced by their harmony should soothe her soul by elevated thoughts, and give to her lingering dying moments a tone of peace and melancholy. On the very last day of her life, the instruments were playing in the next chamber, and Madame de Stael, impressed by the contrast between the different characters of some of the airs, and the uniform sombre cast of feeling which her expected decease produced, felt her softened in an extraordinary manner; when her father coming in, desired her to play on the piano. After performing several pieces, she began to sing the elegant air in *Edipus et Colonne*, by Sacchini, and in which the cares of Antigonos are so sweetly expressed:

"Elle m'a prodigué sa tendresse et ses soins,
Son zèle dans mes maux m'a fait trouver des charmes."

No sooner had she expressed this sentiment than her father burst into tears; Madame was obliged to tear herself away; and a few hours afterwards she found him weeping by the side of her dying mother!

Madame de Stael was still resident with her father when the French entered Switzerland, and her situation was a dangerous one; for although he was not a Frenchman, he was still subject to the decree against emigrants in 1793: of course, his residence at Coppet was by no means a safe one, but he trusted to the influence of his own good character, and was not deceived.

Soon after this, Madame de Stael, at the earnest intercession of her friends, and even at the earnest solicitation of her father himself, left Coppet to return to Paris, accompanied by her son and daughter; and this was the last time of her seeing him, as he died in 1804. Indeed, she lamented this last separation in very lively terms, although she had on several occasions been necessarily absent from him before this, in her various tours through Germany, &c. both on pleasure and on business.

After some stay at Paris she appears to have returned again to Germany; and there she began to prepare her notes on that country, which she intended to submit to her father's consideration, and was actually preparing to return to Coppet for that purpose in the year 1804, when on the 18th of April, whilst at Berlin, she received letters, informing her of his illness. He then resided during the spring at Geneva, where he was assisted by his niece, a daughter of the ce-

lebrated Saussure, a young lady whose pride and joy it was to fulfil all the duties of a daughter in the absence of Madame de Stael.

Before her arrival at Coppet, her father had breathed his last; but she found some solace for her filial grief in collecting his inedited manuscripts, which she prepared for the press, and presented to the world in the winter of the year of his decease, from the city of Geneva.

In year 1810 she sent to Paris the manuscript of her celebrated work on Germany, trusting that its publication would meet with the same facilities as those of her former works. In this hope, however, she was disappointed. After several passages were expunged by the censors of the press, the whole edition, consisting of 10,000 copies, was destroyed, by an order from the police, without any remuneration to the printer for the heavy loss of paper and workmanship; and Madame de Stael received an order to quit Paris in twenty-four hours, a space, as she herself remarks in her answer, scarcely sufficient to prepare a conscript for his march. This period was lengthened to eight days, at the end of which term she took leave of the country which had been her favourite residence, to find shelter in one where misfortune is respected, and abilities are sure of meeting with a due reward. The particulars of this unjust and illiberal literary persecution are detailed with so much feeling by Madame de Stael, that we have forbore to dwell larger on them here, intending to state them in a future number in her own words.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MARGARET CAVENDISH, DUCHESS
OF NEWCASTLE.

THIS lady, who flourished in the reign of James I. and his son Charles, was eminent for her literary talents; keeping a number of ladies constantly in her house, whom she employed as amanuenses; her Grace having produced no less than thirteen folios, ten of which are still in print. In a letter to a friend, she writes, "That it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endow her with a poetic and philosophical genius from her birth, for she did write some book even in that kind before she was twelve years of age."

A humorous anecdote is related of the Duchess and Dr. Wilkins. The doctor, a man of an unbounded imagination, had projected the art of flying, and attempted to prove the probability of a voyage to the moon. "But, doctor," said the Duchess of Newcastle, "where am I to find a baiting-place in my way up to that planet?" "Madam," replied he, "of all people in the world, I should the least have expected that question from your Grace, who, having built so many castles in the air, may lodge every night at one of your own."

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF
FRANCE.

THOUGH all history, and every domestic and foreign intelligence, have been eagerly ransacked, for the information of the world at large, concerning the late Queen of France, (for who amidst that world have not read with interest, pity, and deep regret, all that could appertain to this beautiful, injured, and peculiarly unfortunate Prin-

cess?) and though so many pens have been employed in disseminating her virtues, her habits, and errors, we yet trust we are in possession of a few anecdotes which have not yet been rendered into English, and may be unknown to some of our readers.

The Queen of France had long been in possession of a lucrative right, called *La ceinture de la Reine*. On the 50th of May, 1774, this right was abolished, on which the Count of Conterselle immediately presented the then young and beautiful Queen with the following elegant couplet:—

*Vous renoncez, charmante souveraine,
Au plus beau de vos revenus;
Mais que vous servait la ceinture de
Reine?
Vous avez celle de Venus.*

Signifying that though she renounced the best revenue she had, yet being already in possession of the girdle of Venus, she wanted not that of a Queen.

Marie Antoinette has been accused, and perhaps not unjustly, of dissimulation; but she is less to be reproached with that than the manner in which those of her rank are constantly educated; they are taught to observe a mysterious silence, and to practice deceit, they are told, is a requisite virtue in those who wear a crown. This dissimulation the Queen well practised towards Cardinal Rohan, who flattered himself he was a prime favourite, when, in effect, he was the object of her secret aversion; as he negotiated, during his embassy to the court of France, the union between Louis the XVI. and the young Arch-Duchess, he wrote a letter to a courtier, in which he by no means drew a favourable picture of the intended Queen: the

courtier betrayed the cardinal, and at a future period shewed this imprudent letter to the very person from whom it ought to have been concealed. Women, and in particular Princesses, seldom pardon what wounds their vanity: this is every where believed to have been the cause of the queen's aversion to the cardinal, which, however, she concealed under the mask of distant politeness.

She piqued herself on a peculiar taste in dress; but it was often extremely simple, without jewels or other ornaments. Mademoiselle Berten, her milliner, relates a curious anecdote of a rich citizen's wife, who went one day to the repository of Mademoiselle, and after having desired to see the most elegant millinery to wear as mourning for the Empress, she threw about several very elegant specimens, finding fault with every one. Mademoiselle's patience being severely tried, she turned to one of the young people, and said to her in a tone of vexation,—*do shew Madame, then, the last work I did for the Queen.*—This shut the mouth of the lady, and though this plain and unaffected style of dress was very unbecoming to her, she departed highly gratified to be enabled to dress herself like the Queen; who laughed heartily, and good humouredly desired Mademoiselle Berten, when she related it to her, never to deprive any one of her patterns who wished for them.

The delicate compliment made by Maria Antoinette to Louis XV. can never be enough admired. When she first appeared in public as Dauphiness of France, the throngs of people were excessive, who rent the air with their exclamations. She had heard how different was his reception

amongst a people who disliked him, and whom he constantly oppressed, to enable him to continue his career of expence and libertinism: fearful that his jealousy would be excited, and his feelings cruelly pained, the young Princess turned to him and said, with much sweetness, "O Sire, how dearly must you be loved by all the Parisians; how much they have shewn it in their behaviour to us!"

The magnanimity shewn by this unfortunate Queen, when a sad reverse of fortune awaited her, was peculiarly exemplified amidst the atrocious scenes at Versailles: it is now proved that after that horrible day, late in the evening she received a letter, telling her she should be murdered: after reading it with concealed emotions, she dismissed her attendant, without imparting its contents, and heroically retired to rest.

THE LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE, WIFE OF LOUIS XVIII.

Louis XVIII. was enchanted with his wife at their first interview; the Count d'Artois, now Monsieur, bantered his brother on the subject, telling him the day after his marriage that he found his voice extremely clear, "for," added he, "you said yes, loud enough." "Yes," replied the enraptured husband, "I wished to be heard as far as Turin, how ready I was to say yes."

The late Queen, then Countess of Provence, was a perfect stranger to etiquette, and always seemed embarrassed when obliged to support the weight of unmeaning ceremony. The morning after her marriage, when the Countess of Valentinois, her lady in waiting, was about to put on *rouge*, she shewed an extreme repugnance at having her cheeks coloured arti-

ficially; nor would she consent till her husband begged her to comply with the custom of the court, and besides, he thought she really looked better with it. "Come, come, Madame de Valentinois," said she directly, "put on plenty of rouge, since I shall please my husband better by it."

In the year 1787 this Princess shewed herself very much interested about public affairs, and is said to have had a very animated conversation with the Queen Marie

Antoinette, whom she exhorted to give more attention to the wishes of the people, and to deserve well of them those many cries of *Long live the Queen*, with which they had hitherto overwhelmed her: finding, however, that this sage advice was somewhat thrown away, she became yet more energetic, and said, with much emotion, "If, Madam, you despise my counsels, you will never be more than the Queen of France; you must not expect to be Queen of the French."

(For the *Monthly Museum*.)

IRISH ARTISTS.

THE first mention we have of a Painter of any eminence in Ireland was JAMES GANDY: he, however, has no claim to a place in this list, and not being a native, and is noticed here solely to prevent any misconception, for as he spent most of his life in this country, and as some of his paintings are still in existence here, many might otherwise suppose that he was unjustly excluded through inadvertence.

He was born in 1619, and received instructions from Vandycke: his remaining works are a sufficient proof of the signal improvement he derived from the precepts and example of so celebrated a master. Yet though an able artist, his works are but little known, for he was brought into Ireland by the Duke of Ormond, and retained in his service. As the country was at that time in a very disturbed state, his name and merit would have been equally forgotten, were it not that some of his works which still exist have saved him from oblivion. He painted portraits of many noblemen and gentlemen which are little inferior to

his master either in expression, colouring, or dignity; such indeed was their merit, that several of his copies of Vandycke, in the Ormond collection, in Kilkenny, were sold as originals. He died in 1689.

CHARLES JERVAS is known only by the verses addressed to him by Pope, who had been his pupil. He was a disciple of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and acquired a fortune by marriage. He died in 1739.

WILLIAM THOMPSON was a native of Dublin, but practised in London, where his pictures appeared in the Exhibitions, from the year 1761 to 1777. He employed himself in portrait painting. His pictures, tho' not those of a master, are said to have an original tone.—He also sought after the fame of an Author, and left behind him a treatise on Beauty, illustrated with figures; a work, however, but little known. The date of his death it is uncertain, but is supposed to have been about the year 1800.

HENRY LUTTEREL.—The time and place of this artist's birth and death are equally unknown. He was the disciple of Edmond Ash-Tt

field*, but arrived at a degree of excellence in his profession far superior to his master. He invented a method of drawing portraits with crayons, upon copper, and touched every part of his subject with so much softness and spirit that many of his pictures display a freedom of touch equal to fine penciling in oil. The greatest part of his life was spent in Dublin, where, though his paintings were much admired, he did not receive encouragement in any degree equal to his merit†; but, on removing to London he had the good fortune to be raised to that degree of affluence to which his merit in his profession had long before entitled him.

GEORGE BARRET was born about the year 1728, in the City of Dublin. When very young he attended Mr. West's Drawing Academy, but his favourite and most useful lessons were received in the school of nature. The sublime and picturesque scenery of Powerscourt, in the County of Wicklow, attracted his most enthusiastic admiration; there he

* Ashfield was a native of England, and a disciple of Michael Wright; he mostly painted portraits in crayon, in which manner of colouring he discovered a method of producing a variety of tints which answered every complexion, and gave roundness and strength to his heads. His works are much esteemed.

† We mention with regret this instance of the neglect of native merit; but we trust that the period is at length arrived, in which not only in this, but in every other department of taste, genius will no longer have to seek that subsistence in foreign countries, which it has a right to claim at home. A variety of useful hints must suggest themselves to every thinking mind, both as to the best means of fostering the talent of our native country, and the advantages by which such a public spirited exertion would necessarily be rewarded.

studied with the most ardent and intense solicitude. About this time the Dublin Society, anxious to excite the dormant spark of emulation in Irish Artists, proposed a premium for the best landscape in oil; Barret contended for the prize and gained it. In 1762 he removed to London, where he soon signalized himself, and on the second year after his arrival again gained a premium for landscape painting in oil, in a contest of skill, under the auspices of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. The establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts, &c. was in a great measure indebted for its existence to the efforts of Mr. Barret, who formed the plan, and was one of its earliest members.

He had two decided manners of painting, both as to colour and touch; the first rather heavy in both, the latter much lighter.— Few painters equalled him in his knowledge or characteristic execution of the details of nature.— His attention was directed chiefly to the true colour of English scenery, its richness, dewy freshness, and that peculiar verdure, especially in the vernal months, which is so totally different from the colouring of those masters who have formed themselves on Italian scenery or Italian pictures.— This strong desire sometimes tempted him to use colours rich and beautiful when first applied, but which no art could render permanent; which, in some of his slighter works, prevailed to such a degree as to leave scarcely any traces of the original colouring.

The best pictures in his first manner are to be found in the houses of the Dukes of Buccleugh and Portland, and those of his latter, at Mr. Lock's, at Norbury Park, Surry, consisting of a large

room, painted with a continued scene entirely round. The idea in general characterises the Northern part of England, and for composition, breadth of effect, truth of colour, and boldness of manner in the execution, has not been equalled by any modern painter. He exerted his powers to the utmost in this work, as he entertained the warmest sense of Mr. Lock's great kindness and friendly patronage.— He did not confine himself to oil, but painted in water with equal excellence.

As a man he was remarkably

kind and friendly, gentle in manners, with a vast flow of spirits, even to playfulness, and a strong turn for wit and humour. For the last ten years of his life he was obliged to retire to Paddington, a little village near London, on account of his health, where he painted some of his best easel pictures, in conjunction with Mr. Gilpin, the celebrated animal painter. He was buried in Paddington Church-yard, in the year 1784, and left behind him a widow and nine children.

(To be Continued.)

(For the Monthly Museum.)

THE DRESSES USED BY THE IRISH, PRIOR TO THE ENGLISH INVASION.

THE mantles which they wore have been called up as a proof of the barbarity of the ancient Irish, but if we compare them with other nations that flourished at the same time, and take into account the progress of civilization, and then make that part of their dress the standard by which our judgment is to be regulated, we must conclude that in the lapse of centuries, society has received no improvement at all. The costume of a people is certainly one of the criteria by which we are to judge of their refinement, but it is an uncertain one, because it depends so much on caprice, that innumerable evidences must be produced to fix a determination. The true method of coming at the polish of a nation is by the careful investigation of its proficiency in the useful and elegant arts.

We do not, however, stand up as champions for the refinement of the ancient Irish. If they be placed high on the list of civilized nations, as civilization stood in the days of which we are speaking, notwithstanding what has been advanced

by antiquarians, (which we would be proud to corroborate), we certainly give it as our opinion that they exercised themselves too much in intestine broils to allow them to cultivate the more useful acquirements. But, although we cannot agree that they were elegant in all points, we will certainly grant that they were elegant in many, and it is with all the emotions of national pride that we affirm the principles of the Irish to be more noble than those of any other nation in Europe; their dictates were suggested by patriotism and their actions corresponded with the natural grandeur of their country. How then can such prejudices as Mr. Hume's * dare to come forward and say, that "from the beginning of time they were buried in the most profound barbarism and ignorance.† He admits the anti-

* Hume's History of England, Chap. IX. 1.

† This affirmation by Hume is directly the echo of what Strabo, Diodorus, Siculus, and others have asserted before him; but whoever will recollect that the Milesians were a Phœnician colony, that they were supplied with literary

quity of the nation ; but he forgets to compare its civilization with that of his own. We shall now commence our subject.

From the life of St. Cadoc of Wales, we learn that mantles composed one of the leading articles of apparel with the ancient Irish. In that work it is called *Coccula*. It does not appear that the natives distinguished it by that name. In the Latin of Giraldus Cambrensis it is called *Phalngium*, which is a word evidently coined from the Irish *Falach*, which signifies a covering. Spenser differs from both. He calls it Mantile ; but we cannot receive this name until it is proved to us that it is derived from the French word *mantean*, which can never be thought half so probable as its converse. If we were obliged to bring an authority against Spenser, we could produce the expression which Plautus puts into the mouth of one of his characters, "*nec fucis ullum mantelium obviam est*"*—"I have not any cloak for my knavery."

At the commencement of this dissertation, we said that the mantle was accounted one of the proofs of the barbarity of the Irish. How far this is true shall be now shewn. The Mantle, though worn by them, was not peculiar to this nation alone. We are told by Varro and Isidore that the Gauls wore a napped cloak called *Sagum* ; and as the Romans were titled *Togati*, so were they *Sagati*. From the Gallic community's situation in the vicinity of

materials from Egypt, and whoever will compare Irish relics with Egyptian, Phenician, and Carthaginian antiquities, will be fully convinced that bigotry and prejudice were the promoters of these falsehoods.

* See Plautus's Comedy of the Captive, Act III.

the Roman, it is reasonable enough to suppose that there might have been some similarity in their dresses. Indeed this notion was suggested to us by a passage in the 8th Chapter of the 1st Book of Columella *de re rustica*, where he advises the use of the military *Sagum*. That the *Sagum* was a military garment is proved from Cicero. He says in his sixth Philippic, "*itur ad saga*—They went to war." And from his Oration in *L. Calpurnium Pisonem*, where he says, "*togulae victoribus ad portam praesto fuerunt : quibus illi acceptis, sagula rejecerunt*."—Gowns were ready at the gate for the Victors, which having received, they put off their military cloaks." Latin authors also call the *Sagum* *Cucullus*, and the word *Cocula*, which is used in the life of St. Cadoc, is evidently a corruption of the other. History affords us the same intelligence respecting its use in this country as she does of its use in others. The Irish, like the Romans, used it, particularly in war ; and in battle they wrapped it round the left arm, and made it answer the purposes of a shield.

The mantles which the lower orders wore were coarse, and bordered round with a kind of trimming like frize ; but those which were used by persons of distinction were composed of very fine materials, generally linen, (which was sometimes dyed saffron), and richly bordered with scarlet or other coloured silk or fringe.—The border was generally along the edges, but several rows of it were sewed on the upper part. The length of the mantles which the men wore was arbitrary, but never so long as the women's ; their's came below their ancles.

The *Braccan*, which according

to Diodorus Siculus, was made of different kinds of cloth, derived its name from the Irish word, *break*, "party-colored." It was a dress for the lower extremities, made like trowsers, stockings, and sandals combined together. Like the mantle, this was also worn by the inhabitants of other countries. Tacitus* mentions it as a German dress: his words are, "*non fluitans erat, sed strictum, & singulos artus exprimens*:"—it did not hang in bags, but was tight, and showed the joints." Suetonius says:—"Galli Braccas deposuerunt.—The Gauls have laid aside their Braccas."—And Martial in one of his epigrams:—"Veteres Braccæ Britoni pauperis."—The old Braccas of the poor Briton.†

The English establishment in Ireland was the cause or rather pretence of mutual atrocities; and the licentious manners of the times removed the cure of these disturbances from the precincts of Prudence. The settlers wished to introduce the customs with which they were acquainted. The Irish endeavoured to keep these customs still alienated. By statute 5th. Edw. III. cap. 3. the Irish were

obliged to appear in the English costume, under pain of forfeiture. This, however, was only attempted to be enforced within the English pale.

Another act was passed in the tenth year of King Henry VII. cap. 16. by which all Lords, spiritual and temporal, were obliged to appear in Parliament habited as the English. No sooner was an act passed into a law, than the ingenuity of the population prepared to evade it. This statute only referred to those who sat in Parliament; and, though the penalty for each offence was one hundred shillings, (a large sum in those early days,) it was but very little observed. In the 28th. Hen. VIII. cap. 13. all persons were restrained from being shorn, or shaven above the ears, from wearing *glibbes*,* or *crommacks*.† By the same statute they were not to wear mantle or hood after the Irish fashion, under pain of forfeiting the article so used, and a pecuniary penalty beside.

It was not until the year 1641 that the Irish changed their braccas; but the mantles continued in use long after.

(To be continued.)

* De moribus Germanorum.
† Lucan, Pomponius Mela, and several others mention the Bracca.—They all agree in the description of Tacitus.

* Long locks on their heads.
† Tufts of hair on the upper lip, as worn by the Irish.

THE RECLUSE.

(Continued from page 274.)

No sooner did we arrive here, than my master took possession of this wilderness, in which he wandered whole days together without returning. The first symptom of amendment that I discovered in him, was, his listening with evident satisfaction to the songs of

the birds; but an incident that occurred about a week after we came hither, opened to me another source of amusement for him, that has proved of still greater utility. One day my master had laid himself down upon the grass, beneath a tree, listening, as usual, to the

warbling of the birds above him, and insensibly dropped asleep.—How long he remained in that slumber he could not tell, but he was at last wakened by something that softly touched his hand, which was stretched out upon the grass. He looked about to see what it was, and to his surprise, found that an ass was standing by him, looking down upon his countenance with that kind of stupid composure which characterises this harmless creature. It had been snuffing at his hand, and awakened him. At first he was averse to move, lest he should frighten it away, but he soon observed that when it perceived him to be awake, it moved its ears, and gave appearance of satisfaction rather than of fear.—The kind of confidence in his benignity pleased him. He fondled it a little, which evidently pleased it; and when he was going away, it followed him at a distance, for some time, and did not allow him to depart but with seeming regret. “He called upon me,” said Thomas, “on this occasion, in a voice so unusual, that I was somewhat startled at it. He desired me to bring a bit of bread, which I had no sooner done, than he hastily returned to the place where he had left the ass. I followed at some distance, to see what he was to do with the bread. He presented it to the poor creature, who received it, and eat it readily.—My master having observed me, said, in a pleasing kind of tone: “You see, Thomas, I have found a companion who can be grateful without being capable of guile.”

“Before this period,” continued Thomas, “my master used to frequent a deep and shady walk, and scarcely ever set foot upon the grass, but next day, when he went along, he looked out at every open-

ing in the wood to discover the ass; nor was it long before he perceived it at a small distance brouse quietly upon some thistles that grew up in a neglected corner.—He went towards it, and the poor creature no sooner saw him than it advanced gravely towards the place where he was. They had not long been together, when my master heard a sound which he thought was the voice of some animal with which he was unacquainted; and soon after a beautiful creature broke from behind some bushes. It was a deer; the only companion of the ass in this wilderness. It had missed its companion, and was in quest of it. No sooner did it perceive my master than it stopped short, and looked attentively at the two. Its aspect was mild, and somewhat timid, but it soon recovered courage, and came nearer, as if to invite acquaintance; and in a little time it became equally tame as its companion.—From this time forward my master took great delight in these two creatures, which he took care to feed every day with his own hand, and they soon became so attached to him, that as soon as he appeared, they came running towards him, and followed him wherever he went.”

“This kind of innocent intercourse,” said Thomas, “beguiled the time, and made it glide more smoothly forward than formerly, but still the depression of my master’s spirits were such as to make him seek solitude, and shun the intercourse with even these his dumb attendants, unless for a few short intervals each day. I knew he had been always fond of soft music; and having discovered an Æolian harp in one of the apartments, not much out of repair, I got some fresh strings, and put it

to rights, and having found a window that fitted it, which opened into a part of the garden where an arbour was near, I dressed up the arbour, and repaired the seat, and watching an opportunity, I chose a fine clear day, with a gentle breeze stirring, to place it in the window. It produced the effect I intended. My master heard it at a distance, swelling at times as if a full chorus of spirits were singing solemn music in the air, and then dying away. It was some time before he discovered whence the sounds proceeded; but as he came nearer, he heard them more distinctly, until he was imperceptibly led to the arbour, where he seated himself, and there remained lost in a kind of rapturous extacy for many hours.— This was a discovery that I considered of infinite importance; for I soon perceived that whenever he was more than usually depressed, such was the power of these enchanting sounds, that they infallibly soothed his mind to peace; and so much has my master now become attached to that seat, and the pleasure he derives from the uninterrupted indulgence of those soothing ideas which this simple

instrument excites, that I do not believe it possible to make him experience an equal degree of enjoyment in any other place on this globe. Thus may solitude acquire charms, which, perhaps, the most polished intercourse of social life could never bestow."

I could not but admire the singular judgment that directed the efforts of this faithful servant, for nothing, I can imagine, could have such a happy tendency to allay the melancholy that preyed upon the mind of his master, as this kind of soothing attention, never rudely to interrupt his train of thought, but gradually to steal it away from the contemplation of the object of his regret, by seeming to indulge its natural propensity, while it was insensibly led into the path of universal beneficence, which is, in all cases, the most soothing sensation to the human mind that it ever can indulge. My respect for the man was thus exalted to the highest pitch. Though he appeared only in the humble station of a servant, I contemplated him with a kind of veneration as a superior being.

(To be Continued.)

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV.

(Continued from page 261.)

IN consequence of the quarrel between Mr. Thornton, the British ambassador, and Gustavus, that gentleman had been recalled by the British Government, and Mr. Merry sent out in his place. In his first conversation with the King of Sweden, that monarch, whose finances were in the most deplorable state, imperiously demanded an increase of the subsidy advanced to him by Great

Britain, and the immediate payment of a sum of money to answer his present exigencies. Mr. Merry informed him, that he had no powers to enter upon any such negotiation, but to prevent any immediate quarrel between the two countries, he allowed him to draw bills for £300,000, without any orders from his own Government. These bills were returned dishonoured by the British ministry, and

a note was written at the same time, advising Gustavus to make peace with the belligerent Powers, assuring him, that the British ministry would, with pleasure, release him from his engagements, and keep up the usual communications between the two kingdoms, even supposing him to make peace with France and Russia. Gustavus was indignant at this note: he again declared his unalterable resolution, never to make peace with Buonaparte or the Emperor of Russia. He immediately ordered an embargo on the British merchants' ships at Gottenburgh; commanded that pilots should be refused to the British ships of war, and that if they attempted to sail without pilots, they should be treated as enemies. He wrote a letter with his own hand to the King of Denmark, informing him, that he was already at war with England, and requesting an immediate cessation of hostilities and a negotiation for peace: but before this letter was sent off, he received information that the Danes had circulated revolutionary proclamations in Scania; he immediately tore his letter in pieces, recalled the embargo of the British vessels, and entered into a new treaty with the British minister.

The crisis of Sweden was now at hand. The Swedish army in Finland had been driven out of the country and nearly annihilated. The army of the west had been equally unsuccessful in Norway, and the Norwegians had actually invaded Sweden. The Swedish supplementary army of 30,000 men had been nearly destroyed, partly by want of clothing and exposure to extreme cold, and partly by being sent upon services quite unsuitable to the tender age of

the troops, who were mostly boys not more than 19 years of age. The treasury was absolutely exhausted, and the violent taxes, to which the King had recourse, were so tyrannical and unjust, that they could not be levied. The whole money remaining for carrying on the war did not exceed £2000 sterling. Meanwhile four separate armies were preparing to invade the kingdom on every side. Two Russian armies were ready to march, the one from Abo, over the ice, was destined to take possession of Stockholm, an open town, and incapable of any defence; the other was to proceed from the North, and fall down upon Dalecarlia and Nerike. A French and Danish army, in conjunction, were to cross the Sound upon the ice, but they were prevented by the sudden breaking up of the ice, and the appearance of some British ships of war. Finally, the Norwegian army, under the command of Prince Augustinberg, was to take possession of Werneland and West Gothland. Such was the weakened state of the Swedish army which, in one year, had been reduced from above 100,000 men, to a comparatively small number; such the discontent both of the officers and men; such the want of provisions and ammunition, that very little resistance could have been opposed, and Sweden must infallibly have been over-run and divided. In this dreadful dilemma, when no hope was left, the country was saved by an unforeseen revolution, which wrested the sceptre from the unworthy hands of Gustavus, and saved the country from partition by a speedy and necessary peace.

(To be continued.)

COLLECTANEA.

British Prisoners in France.—The following is a very recent list.—All that follows are relieved by the charitable fund, which has been of infinite service to the poor soldiers and sailors, whom the late war has made prisoners:—

At Arras	...	1900
Longwy, removed to Amiens	...	1400
Beaucon, removing to do.	...	1050
Birche, removing to Sedan.	...	500
Briancon, removing to Montbeuge	...	1950
Olivet, removing to Poitiers.	...	2000
Mantillon, removing to Antun.	...	1050
Sarcelouis and Sarcelon, removing to Besuchain and Bausonne.	...	2200
Stuven, removing to Guise; depot of punishment for sailors and soldiers.	...	500
Cambrai	...	1670
Valenciennes.	...	1000
Verdun.	...	290
		10910

At Verdun (now removed to Blois) and in other parts of France, there are from 1000 to 1200 officers and other prisoners on parole, and relieved by the fund. There are generally from 300 to 400 on march from one depot to another, so that the total number may be stated at 19,000. The treatment is, in general, good, and the prisoners are, considering every thing, very healthy.

The British Navy.—It consists at present of 1040 ships of different descriptions; of which 760 are in commission. Of these 161 are of the line, 24 from 50 to 44, 155 frigates, 150 sloops of war, 9 fire ships, 183 brigs, 41 cutters, and 57 schooners.

The Colony of New South Wales is in so flourishing a condition, that a Memorial has been forwarded by the principal inhabitants through the Governor to his Majesty's Ministers, praying, among other privileges, to distil from their surplus grain, and to export flour from thence to Great Britain; and pointing out that there is no further necessity for any salt meat being sent thither, as the Colony can furnish fresh beef, pork, and mutton, at a cheaper rate. It appears also, that the growers of fine wool in the Colony, consider that they are enabled to vie with Spain in the quality, if not the quantity of produce, which however, is greatly encroaching.

Charitable Donations.—At an extraordinary meeting of the Standing Committee of the Meath Hospital, and Co. of Dublin Infirmary, a gift of the sum of six Thousand Pounds was made to them, from Mr. Thomas Pleasants, of William street, by the hands of Mr. Joshua Pasley, Merchant, for the following purposes:—4000l. to build a Grand Operation Room, and its appen-

dage ones—1000l. the interest of which to the purchasing annually or as they may be wanted, old linen, lint, &c. for the use of such as may be operated on in that room.—1000l. The interest of which to be expended on wines, spices, and whatsoever in the cordial way may be wanting for the patients of that room.

Sale of a wife.—Early this month a chaise driver, named S. Wallis, brought his wife into the cattle market, in Canterbury, with a halter round her neck, and sold her to another post boy at the price (previously agreed on) of a gallon of beer and one shilling, in the presence of a great number of spectators. The woman, who is only nineteen years old, and of a very slightly appearance, had been married only six months, and it may be questioned whether she is not most benefited by the transfer, in being released from a brute who could thus publicly expose her.—It is proper, however, to observe, that the vulgar opinion that such acts are legal, is erroneous, the husband being equally liable for the support of the wife, as if no such proceeding had taken place.

Family increase.—Lately Mrs. Pickworth, wife of Mr. Pickworth, grazier of Sempingham fen, near Billinborough, was, on the Friday, delivered of two boys, and on Sunday morning, of two more boys, who, with the mother, were all alive and in a hopeful way on Sunday evening, at nine o'clock; making an addition to Mr. Pickworth's family of five children born within ten months, and a total of ten children, the eldest only six years of age last January.—Mrs. Pickworth is rather a delicate than robust woman, and is the daughter of Mr. J. Gould, formerly an eminent writing master at Spalding.

Lucien Bonaparte, of Thorngrove House, near Worcester, has become a favourite in his neighbourhood; he drives about in a neat one-horse chaise, on the panels of which is inscribed a plain and simple "B."

Dreadful Contagion.—Letters from old Mexico of the 30th October, apprize us of an epidemic disorder which had raged in that city many months, with unsparring violence. The vigorous measures subsequently adopted, had destroyed the contagion in some districts, and reduced its power in others; but up to the 16th October, it was ascertained that twenty-six thousand eight hundred persons, or one seventh of the population of Mexico had, through its instrumentality, been consigned to the tomb.

Social Economy and the Useful Arts.

NOTICES OF RECENT INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Account of the specification of a patent granted to Wm. Mitchell of Edinburgh, for an Improvement in the manufacture of Soap, by which there will be a great saving of expence, and the quality of the Soap will be equal, if not superior, to that usually manufactured.

THE novel part of the invention consists of a strong glue, or jelly, prepared from the skins, after they are limed, commonly called screws, which are to be prepared as follows:—Steep any quantity of screws in cold water, for three days; after which, put them into a boiler, with five or six times their weight of cold water, and boil them on a slow fire till the skins be dissolved, then strain the result into a cask, furnished with a cock, about four inches from the bottom, to allow the sediment to subside, pour off the purer part again into the boiler, and boil it slowly till it comes to the consistence of a thick jelly. To the solution thus made, carbonate of soda is to be added in the proportion of from 2 to 10 per cent. When the solution is prepared, and the soap ready for casting, a measure is to be procured to ascertain the quantity of the solution to be put in the frame; if only one hundred weight, to a frame of 45 inches, mix in a tub a small quantity of the solution with some soap till it is so thick as not to run out of the joinings of the frame; which being done, pour it into the frame, and so on with the rest till you have the whole in the frame. Then fill up the frame with the soap, and mix or crutch it well till it is

pretty cold and stiff.—Or, after the soap is ready for casting, the niger, or refuse, might be completely pumped off, the mixture put in the pan and well mixed with the soap, and cast in the ordinary way; but the former method is preferable. From 10 to 25 per cent. may be used according to the quantity of the soap used.

From the hardening quality of the saponaceous jelly, whale oil and palm oil may be substituted for tallow, and good hard soap made at much less expence.

Account of a patent granted to Francis Parkinson, for preventing accidents from fire in the process of Distillation, and for preserving Spirits and other articles from waste during the same operation.

THIS improvement consists in a large dish with an elevated rim or edge, soldered on the breast, or any other more convenient part of the still, having an opening in the middle, on which the head of the still is to sit. By this contrivance, in case the still boils over and breaks the luting, and forces the head up or off, the spirits, or other inflammable matter, is prevented from getting between the still and the brickwork into the wheel, flue or furnace, or from running over the top of the brickwork into the furnace door. The dish may extend two or three feet round the head, or may cover the whole brickwork. It must also be provided at one side, with a spout, to conduct the liquid matter, which escapes, into a reservoir.

The same construction is applicable to boilers for oil, and all other inflammable matters, whether the boilers be shaped like a still, or open at top.

Account of a Patent granted to John Clark, of Bridgewater, for a new method of constructing Beds, Pillows, Hammocks, and Cushions.

THE improvement consists in filling the bed or pillow with air instead of any of the usual materials, by making the case air tight, which is to be done by means of the following varnish :

An ounce of gum caoutchouc, (gum-elastic, or Indian rubber) cut small, is to be put into eight ounces of spirits of turpentine, and let stand for two or three days, until the gum be almost in a state of solution : it is then to be thrown into an open furnace, containing seventy ounces of linseed oil, and boiled slowly for several hours, stirring it frequently, until by the evaporation of the oil the whole becomes of a glutinous consistency : it is then to be cooled and filtered through a fine cloth ; great care must be taken to prevent its coming in contact with the fire.

With this varnish the case (made of tyke, or any other suitable material,) is to be completely saturated, 'till it perfectly retains the air. This may be ascertained by plunging it, after the varnish is quite dry, in clear water, when if any air bubbles arise from the case, they detect the exact place of a leak. If this occur, the faulty spot is to be re-touched with the varnish.

For the further security of the bed, this case is to be enclosed in another, somewhat smaller, so as to prevent the internal one from being completely distended with

air. When finished, it is to be furnished with an air pump for inflating it, and an exhausting pump for drawing off the air, or changing it if necessary.

From this description it is evident that the invention, if such it may be called, is more a refinement of luxury, than an improvement of general utility. This is further evident from the observations of the patentee on the advantages resulting from it.

These are, its superior elasticity, affording the most easy and renovating repose : its capability of being changed from the consistency of the hardest mattress to the greatest degree of softness, by means of the two pumps annexed to it.*

It may be immediately rendered cool by a sudden change of air, without any disturbance to the person resting on the bed. It is not subject to slope to one side, or to those hard clumps or knots, which render it necessary to take out the feathers of common beds occasionally. It completely resists damp, requires no daily making up, is extremely light and portable, and can be filled with air at any temperature, or with water, steam or any other fluid, whether elastic or not. Soame's hammocks made in this manner might answer for life preservers.

Printers' balls are commonly made of leather and stuffed with wool, which soon becomes saturated with moisture from the ink, and are inconveniently heavy, but by this construction they will be light, and may be rendered elastic

* We have heard of persons being sung to sleep, and even of being lulled by "softest breezes to repose," but the happy invention of "pumping a man to sleep" has been reserved for this age of discoveries.

to any required degree by means of a tube in the handle, furnished with a stop cock for the admission of air.

New method of Varnishing Leather.

From the Bulletin des Neuesten.

VARNISH applied to dry leather gives it a much finer appearance than if applied on damp leather.—Different colours may be given to the varnishes, which are composed in the following manner :

Black Varnish.—Some lamp-black is first heated in a vessel, well closed, and ground with some linseed varnish ; a little more of the varnish is afterwards added, in order to render the mass liquid, and two coats of it are laid on the leather, which is then left to dry.

When dry, more varnish is ground with some fresh linseed oil, and tempered with an equal quantity of copal varnish, and a coat of it is laid on the leather.

When this coat is dry, the leather is polished with a piece of felt, charged with pumice stone, perfectly pulverised ; after which a waxed sponge is passed over the leather, in order to clean it, and it is then wiped with a linen cloth.

To give a polish to the leather some copal varnish is ground upon a marble with some of the black, well prepared ; a little more of the varnish is afterwards added to temper it, and five or six thin coats are put upon the leather with a brush.

When this varnish is dry it is again rubbed with the pumice stone, cleaned with the sponge, and polished afterwards with a piece of felt, charged with hartshorn, burnt, and pulverised.—Lastly, two more coats of the above described black copal varnish are added.

When straps are to be varnish-

ed they are to be extended on a piece of smooth wood, the rough side polished with a pumice stone, and the colour applied to it.

White Varnish.—Some white lead is ground with some white oil varnish, and two coats of it are laid in succession on the leather, afterwards some krems white is ground, first with water, then dried, and then again ground with some white copal varnish. This varnish is applied three or four times, and the leather is polished as above.

Red Varnish.—The first coat is composed of lac, ground with oil of turpentine ; the second with the same lac and copal varnish ; the latter is prepared by dissolving one part of copal in two parts of oil of turpentine, and by adding to this solution an equal quantity of linseed oil varnish.

Blue Varnish.—The first coat is made with white-lead and oil varnish ; the second with Prussian blue and copal varnish. To make a more clear blue, mix some krems white with the Prussian blue.

Green Varnish.—For this, some distilled or chrystallized verdigris must be taken, and mixed with a suitable proportion of krems white ; the rest of the operation is as above.

Yellow Varnish.—This Varnish is best applied on white leather. It is prepared by boiling it for six hours in a copper vessel, in a solution composed of *bois de fustet*, alkaline lessive, cochineal, and alum.

This coloured fluid is filtered through a linen cloth, and a coat of it laid on the leather ; and after it is dry a coat of copal varnish is applied.

If the leather is not white, a first coat must be given of yellow

ochre, ground with white lead and common varnish; the second coat must be composed of the same colour and copal varnish; and when it is dry the surface is polished, and then three coats, composed of cassel yellow and copal varnish, are applied.

Leather-coloured Varnish.—The first colour is given with yellow ochre and white-lead, mixed with oil of varnish, and when it is dry it is polished: a little red bole may be added to it. Lastly, some cassel yellow is added, mixed with copal-varnish: it is then polished, if judged necessary.

Method of bleaching Thread with Charcoal, by M. Juch, from Archiv. sur die Pharmacie.

M. JUCH boils skeins of thread in the accustomed manner, with sifted ashes, to separate the extractive substance. When the thread is dry again he boils one of the skeins (or 1400 ells of thread) with three ounces of charcoal powder, for an hour, in a sufficient quantity of water. After which, when the thread is washed and dried, it will be of a much superior white than can be given to that which is heated with ashes only.

ELEMENTS OF CHYMISTRY.

SULPHUR.

(Continued from page 270.)

SULPHUR will burn at the temperature of 560° in the open air, with a pale blue flame; but if it be set on fire in a jar of oxygen gas, it burns with a violet colored flame, and emits fumes which are found to be sulphuric acid. This fact, although settled by Stahl, was not confirmed until the publication of Lavoisier's account, which is noticed in the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences for 1777. He put a quantity of sulphuret of iron into a vessel filled with common air, and inverted over water; after the expiration of eighteen days, he found that the water had risen considerably in the vessel, consequently the bulk of air was diminished. On examination of the air he found, that all its oxygen had united with the sulphuret; that the weight of the sulphuret was altered inversely as the weight of the air, therefore a new combination must have been formed. This he found to be the case, for, the oxygen having combined with

some of the sulphur, he received sulphuric acid.

The combustion of sulphur is slow, therefore Lavoisier was not enabled to ascertain accurately the constituents of sulphuric acid.—Other Chemists * have proved that if sulphur be boiled in nitric acid, sulphuric acid is formed; and, according to their results, one grain of sulphur can deprive nine and a half inches of atmospheric air of all its oxygen.

Two acids are formed from sulphur, the stronger is named *sulphuric* the weaker *sulphurous acid*. When sulphur is first burned, it does not take up as much oxygen as it is capable of absorbing; it therefore yields sulphurous acid; but when a future increase of oxygen is added to the product, sulphuric acid is constituted.

If sulphur be kept melted in the

* Berthallet, Mem. Par. 1781, p. 123.
—Chenevix, Irish Trans. 1802, p. 332.
and Thenard An. de Chim. xxxii. 66.

open air, it imbibes a quantity of oxygen. It gradually assumes a waxy appearance, but soon recovers its brittleness; it is then called *oxide of sulphur*: whilst soft, it is used to take off impressions from seals, &c. If, while we keep the sulphur melted, we pour in a small quantity of water, a white powder will be ultimately produced, and if we re-expose this product to a low

heat in a retort, the process of distillation takes place, the water is restored, and the sulphur returns to its original appearance; the powder so produced is called *lac sulphuris*. The conclusion to be drawn from this experiment is, that whitish sulphur always owes its colour to the presence of the water.

(To be continued.)

(For the Monthly Museum.)

FARMERS' CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

If the stock of swine be large, lettuces will be found an economic feeding. For this purpose a constant succession should be kept up; the better to effect which purpose, the land should have undergone a ploughing before the Christmas frosts; it should be scuffled in February and now harrowed prior to putting in the lettuce. This we only mention as the best mode of insuring profit; but except on extensive farms these preparations could not be well afforded. The quantity of ground to be dedicated to this purpose must be regulated by circumstances. As the plants grow they should be thinned; and these which are taken out will answer for immediate food.

In England it is common to venture in the cultivation of Madder; but as this speculation is not much minded here (if at all,) we will not trouble our readers with directions respecting it. Suffice it to say that it is a speculation which we cannot recommend; several have been ruined by it for one that has succeeded; and it can only be adopted with even a probability of safety when all foreign ports are shut against us.

But of all the farming work necessary to be done in this month,

the sowing of Lucerne is most necessary; it is most valuable whether for hay or green feeding. The quantity to be sown is to be proportioned to the extent of pasturage already on the farm. Indeed soiling is a practice which should never be omitted; without it, dung is made but half the year, with it, the entire.

Dry rich light sandy loam on a chalky or marly bottom suit lucern best; and on these a good crop is certain. The best preparation for this as well as for all other grasses will be two crops of turnips or cabbages, both fed on the land; and to insure the most abundant success, it should be sown broad cast,

Sain-foin and Burnet should now be sown. The latter will thrive to extraordinary profit on dry soils which hold a quantity of limestone gravel; the latter may be mixed with oats or barley.

The turnip feed for sheep should now be out; and a field of cabbages ought to be ready to succeed them. There is no branch of farming more necessary than carefully provisioning the cattle; and the winter feeding being now exhausted, this month is the most critical part of the year on the farmer.

In the beginning of this month

Flax should be sown near a river, and the soil should be rendered fine by tilth. Moist stiff soils yield better flax than can be obtained on high lands. But lest by our cursory manner of direction we should at all injure the cultivation of this valuable and national product, we must refer

our readers to the papers published on this subject by the Dublin Society.

It only remains now to say that it is necessary to uphold all buildings and machinery in perfect repair. This generally is expensive at first; but never fails to refund both the trouble and expenditure.

FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

BRISTOL, long famed for its intelligence and public spirit, has set an example in the establishment of a charitable society, which merits the notice of the whole kingdom. It is called the *Prudent Man's Friend Society*; it meets in Small-street, and the treasurer is W. Fripp, Esq. a gentleman much distinguished for his active benevolence. At the first annual meeting, Dr. F. Randolph in the chair, it appeared that the sums collected had amounted to £785, of which £380 had been paid to the loan fund; £53 to the mendicants; and £51 for the conviction of vagrants. Its objects are ably described in a public advertisement to be threefold:—

The *first* is an attempt to remove the pernicious examples of idleness and vice, exhibited by street-beggars and other impostors; and to give temporary relief to those persons who, on enquiry, are found to be driven to ask alms from real distress. For this purpose, tickets are issued by the Society; and if the charitably disposed would steadily persevere in giving them in the streets, instead of money, the deserving would be more certainly relieved, and the impostor would quit a neighbourhood in which he finds his deception no longer profitable.

The *second* is to enable the de-

serving poor to better their condition by the timely assistance of small loans; and, by the same means, to prevent that accumulation of distress which, when it has once taken place, ten times the sum would often not remove. Two hundred and thirty-nine loans, amounting to £886. 10s. have been granted without interest. Of this sum £551. 15s. 6d. have been repaid with the most laudable punctuality. And the committee have reason to think, from the expressions of gratitude which have been used on accomplishing the repayment of the loans, that in a great majority of these cases, permanent good effects have been produced in the circumstances of the borrowers.

Loan Fund Account, from Feb. 16. to Dec. 14, 1815.

	£.	s.	d.
Lent	886	10	0
Repaid	551	15	6
Good	285	1	0
Doubtful	4	3	0
In Hand	15	10	6

Two hundred and thirty-nine families have been assisted by loans in ten months.

The *third* has been to form a fund of savings; which has likewise been successful—£536. 11s. 6d. have been deposited in it. The money has been invested in government securities, in the names of the trustees. And as little or none

of this was or could have been, previously to the institution of this society, so placed as to be improved at interest, the interest is evidently a clear gain to the meritorious individuals of whose property the fund is composed.

In the course of our periodical labours we never recollect to have recorded the scheme of a society, the objects of which were more legitimate and praiseworthy; and we hope to have speedy occasion to record the creation of similar societies in every city and town in the empire.

STEAM ENGINE.

A new steam-engine has been lately set up in Bristol that promises wonders. A Mr. OXION is the inventor. The principle is a hollow wheel whose interior is half filled with a fluid metal; in fact, the fly wheel loaded and charged with steam by means of two tubes that enter at the nave, and two valves that act alternately as the wheel revolves. The steam is supplied by means of a common boiler; it makes no noise whatever, and saves half the coals. We shall grind corn with it shortly:—the saving will be very great every way.

Mr. BURGE, of the same place, has also introduced a stove in the form of an urn, which has a pot introduced into it, for the fire, and is supplied with air from above, so that you may enjoy the fire and the stove at once; they sell for about 50s. and are very useful, as they give much heat, and can be placed any where.

THE CROUP.

A Prize of 12,000 francs was offered, in 1807, by the French Government, to that physician

who should produce the best memoir on the disease called the Croup: two have shared the prize, being of equal merit; three are distinguished as extremely honourable to their authors; and a sixth memoir is marked by the proposal of a remedy that is said by the writer to be a specific in this malady, and in the hooping-cough. It is liver of sulphur alcalized, a sulphat of pot-ash, recently prepared and brownish. It is usually given mixed with honey, and sometimes with sugar. The dose from the attack of the croup to the decided diminution of the disorder is ten grains, morning and evening, to be diminished as the disorder abates; and towards the close, the morning dose only to be given. The mixture of sulphat and honey to be made at the moment of using. Young children will suck it off the end of a finger; but it may be given in a spoonful of milk, or of syrup thinned with water; or as a bolus: grown children take it best in this form. It usually relieves in two days; but it must be continued till the cure is completed, and often beyond that period, for fear of a relapse.

To the Editor of the Dublin Monthly Museum.

SIR,

You will oblige a subscriber by inserting the following as soon as possible in your valuable magazine: A gentleman will be extremely indebted to any of your correspondents, who will through them edium of your Magazine, inform him where he can procure either in this city, or in the neighbourhood, a few silk-worms, or their eggs.

March 20th.

A. B.

Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF NEW BOOKS;

WITH CHARACTERISTIC EXTRACTS.

The Corsair, a tale, by LORD BYRON, 8vo. pp. 100.—MURRAY. Lond.

HAD the *Corsair* been the first production of Lord Byron's pen, it would have entitled him to the name of poet; nor, even though preceded by several others whose merits have justly acquired their author that distinguished title in the literary world, does it appear less worthy of our praise. Seldom have we met with a poem which has more of the regularity and spirit of a dramatic narrative. It might almost be called a drama for the closet. The action is uniform, simple, well arranged, and finely related. The attention is awakened from the commencement, and the interest gradually encreases to the catastrophe. As a drama is divided into acts, so is this into cantos, each complete in itself, and ceasing where the circumstances of the narrative naturally require a pause. Every change of place is marked, and the variations of the scenery so strongly delineated, that each presents a picture on which the imagination can rest with pleasure. The characters are finely drawn; that of the *Corsair* himself peculiarly so: and if the author has been wrong in selecting such a hero, he has in a great measure prevented the evil effects arising from our admiration of a vicious character, by his ingenuity in diverting the interest thus excited to an object much more worthy of our sympathy. He gives him credit but for one virtue; that of

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conjugal affection to a woman highly deserving of it.

The poem begins with a description of the pirate isle in the Archipelago, not far from the Morea. The view of the bay, together with the description of the pirates, we must pass over, in order to allow ourselves scope to dwell on what are the characteristic features of Lord Byron's poetry: the analysis of the human heart, and the description of the workings of the stronger passions.

A vessel arrives, which bears information that the Pacha of the neighbouring Turkish continent has prepared an armament to destroy the pirates, which is to sail the next morning. Some of the crew go in quest of their leader Conrad, whom they find,

In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting staff for that red hand.

We are here presented with a picture of the hero who is to be the chief object of attention throughout the poem.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,

In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eye-brow shades a glance of fire:

Robust, but not Herculean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;

Yet in the whole—who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men—

They gaze and wonder how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.

X x

Sun-burnt his cheek—his forehead high
and pale

The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft, perforce, his rising lip reveals
The laughtier thought it curls, but
scarce conceals.

Though smooth his voice, and calm his
general mein,

Still seems there something he would
not have seen:

His features' deepening lines and vary-
ing hue,

At times attracted, yet perplex'd the
view,

As if within that murkiness of mind
Work'd feelings fearful, and yet unde-
fin'd;

Such might it be—that none could tru-
ly tell—

Too close enquiry his stern glance
could quell,

There breathe but few whose aspect
could defy

The full encounter of his searching
eye:—

He had the skill, when cunning's gaze
would seek

To probe his heart and watch his
changing cheek,

At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought—than drag that
chief's to day.

There was a laughing devil in his
sneer,

That raised emotions both of rage and
fear;

And where his frown of hatred darkly
fell,

Hope withering fled—and mercy sighed
farewell!

We are under the necessity of
pointing out here a gross fault in
the metaphor that concludes this
passage. Hope is first compared
to a plant which withers and then
it is said to flee: these are wholly
in congruous.

The whole character of Conrad
cannot be surveyed without a mixed
emotion of admiration and pi-
ty. We are told that his heart,
naturally virtuous, had been warp-
ed by discovering the treachery of
false friends, who lived on his fa-
vours and deserted him in his ad-
versity. Too proud and too weak-
minded to repent, he vents his
spleen on his enemies by becoming

the enemy of man. Having ob-
tained by his courage and abilities
the first post among a band of pi-
rates, he retains his influence by
those qualities which most forcibly
controul the minds of rude, unpo-
lished men; reserved and gloomy,
he never condescends to mix with
his comrades but in the hour of
danger. Austere in his habits, he
leads a life of undeviating tem-
perance. His only pleasure seems
to arise from scenes of pillage and
slaughter abroad, and in the soci-
ety of an adored wife at home. It
may be asked how a virtuous, ami-
able woman, such as Medora is de-
scribed, could be the wife, the fond
adoring wife of a robber? Those
who ask such a question know lit-
tle of real love, of that devotion
of the heart which throws a veil
over all the vices of the object of
our affections, which sees nothing
in the man but the husband. The
all powerful controul exerted over
the minds of his associates is ac-
counted for in a masterly and phi-
losophical manner:—

What is that spell, that thus his lawless
train

Confess and envy—yet oppose in vain?
What should it be, that thus their faith
can bind?

The power of thought—the magic of
the mind!

Linked with success—assumed and kept
with skill,

That moulds another's weakness to its
will—

Wields with their hands—but still to
these unknown,

Makes even their mightiest deeds ap-
pear his own,

Such has it been—shall be—beneath
the sun

The many still must labour for the one;
'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch
who toils,

Accuse not—bate not—him who wears
the spoils.

Oh! if he knew the wright of splendid
chains,

How light the balance of his humbler
pains!

On receiving the information
already mentioned, Conrad in-

stantly determines on the desperate measure of attacking and burning the Turkish galleys in the harbour that very night; and after giving the necessary instructions, goes to take leave of his wife.—The whole scene is exquisite, and only requires to be heightened by a superiority of character in one of the actors, to stand in comparison with the well known parting of Hector and Andromache.—Their final separation is peculiarly affecting—

She rose—she sprung—she along to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye,
That downcast droop'd in tearful agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er her arms,
In all the wildness of disherv'd charms,
Scarce beat that bosom, where his image dwelt—
So full—that feeling seem'd almost unwell.
Hark!—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
It told 'twas sunset, and he curs'd that sun.
Again, again, that form he madly press'd,
Which mutely clasp'd, imploringly press'd!
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gaz'd, as if to gaze no more;
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone?

The second canto opens with the description of a feast given by Seyd, the Pacha, in the prospect of his victory over the Pirates, at the close of which Conrad intrudes himself in the disguise of a Dervise, and is kindly received by the Turk, who pretences him to eat

as a token of his protection. His invitation is steadily declined by his guest, who ingeniously evades participating in what is considered in those countries as a mutual pledge of fidelity. In the midst of their conversation, the heaven appears suddenly illuminated by the blaze of the Turkish squadron. Seyd starts up, and orders the Dervise to be seized.—Conrad now resumes his real character—

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding from his bar,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray!
His close, but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslem's eyes some Afrii spite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for sight.

Conrad sounds his bugle as a signal to his friend; on hearing it answered, he commences a successful, tho' unequal attack on his enemies, who fly in all directions, and Seyd himself escapes with difficulty. He then orders the tower to be burnt, which command is too readily obeyed, for as soon as the flames appear, the cries of female voices denote the danger to which the Pacha's Harem is exposed. Conrad, with the humanity of a Christian, and the intrepidity of a hero, leads his followers to their rescue. He succeeds in carrying off the Pacha's chief favourite, and his crew secure and place in safety her attendants. This act of generosity was, however, fatal to his party, by giving time to the astonished Turks to detect the paucity of

† Here we must again enter our protest against the line marked in Italics. The quaintness of the expression but ill accords with the general strain of sentiment, and indeed, we confess that its meaning is not wholly intelligible to us.

their numbers. They rally, the Corsairs are defeated and driven to their vessel, Conrad wounded and taken prisoner, and destined to impalement the ensuing day.—The contending passions which struggle in his breast, rage at his defeat, horror at the impending tortures, remorse for his guilt, and among the rest, anguish for his wife, are all pourtrayed in vivid colours.

In the high chamber of his highest tower
Sate Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.
His palace perish'd in the flame—this fort
Contain'd at once his captive and his court.
Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
His foe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the same :—
Alone he sate—in solitude had scan'd
His guilty bosom, but that breast he mann'd :
One thought alone he could not—dared not meet—
“ Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet ? ”
Then—only then—his clanking hands he rais'd,
And strain'd with rage the chain on which he gaz'd ;
But soon he found, or feign'd, or dream'd relief,
And smil'd in self derision of his grief,
“ And now come torture when it will or may—
“ More need of rest to nerve me for the day ! ”
This said, with languor to his mat he crept,
And, whatso'er his visions, quickly slept.

His slumber is broken by an unexpected vision, Gulnare, the Pacha's favourite slave, struck with his heroism in her rescue from the flames, comes to assure him of her determination to save his life. She is thus introduced—
He slept in calmest serming—for his breath
Was hush'd so deep—Ah ! happy if in death !

He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends ?
His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends ;
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace ?
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face !
Its white arm rais'd a lamp—yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that clos'd eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed—but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And anburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair ;
With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—
Through guards and dunest night how came it there ?
Ah ! rather ask what will not woman dare,
Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare !

Our interest in Conrad is much heightened by his bold and unnecessary acknowledgement of his love to Medora, at a time when such a confession might turn his new admirer's passion into despair.—She, however, perseveres in her resolution to leave nothing untried for his escape, and quits him with assurances that he shall not die to-morrow. The canto closes with the following beautiful passage :
‘Tis morn—and o'er his alter'd features play
The beams—without the hope of yesterday.—
What shall he be ere night ? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing :
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
Chill—wet—and misty round each stiffened limb,
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him !
After a beautiful episode on the ancient state of Greece, (the only one in the poem,) the third canto recalls us to the object of our

chief interest. Medora, wandering along the shore, at length describes the vessel returning with the relics of her husband's misfortunes. Her gloomy silence, and its powerful effect on her mind are strongly painted—

Something they would have said; but
seemed to fear

To trust their accents to Medora's ear.
She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled
not—

Beneath that grief—that loneliness of
lot—

Within that meek fair form were feel-
ings high,
That deem'd not 'till they found their
energy.

While yet was Hope—they soften'd—
Sutter'd—wept—

All lost—that softness died not—but it
slept—

And o'er its slumber rose that strength
which said,

"With nothing left to love—there's
nought to dread."

'Tis more than nature's; like the burn-
ing might

Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

From this scene of affliction we are recalled to Conrad. His fair intercessor, instead of exciting the feelings of compassion she had hoped for in her gloomy keeper's soul, becomes an object of his jealousy and suspicion. She sees her danger, and as its only remedy, proposes to Conrad to assassinate their mutual enemy. Struck with horror, he refuses. "Seyd," says he, attacks me openly as an avowed enemy; I will never raise against him the dagger of the assassin." Urged on by despair, she hurries away, commits the crime herself, to which she had vainly excited the captive, and is met by him on her return—

Upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but
a spot—

Its hue was all he saw—and scarce
withstood—

Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—
'tis blood!

He had seen battle—he had brooded
lone

O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt
foreshown—

He had been tempted—chastened—and
the chain

Yet on his arms might ever there re-
main—

But ne'er from strife—captivity—re-
morse—

From all his feelings in their inmost
force—

So thrill'd—so shuddered every creep-
ing vein

As now they froze before that purple
stain.

That spot of blood, that light but guilty
streak,

Had banish'd all the beauty from her
cheek!

Blood he had viewed—could view un-
moved—but then

It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

The circumstances of their escape and arrival at the Corsair's isle are well imagined, and finely described. We must hasten to the catastrophe. Conrad's first thought on landing, is to meet his wife: he therefore hastens to the tower of her residence; he enters the door; all is dark and silent—he advances in the distraction of doubt and anxiety—

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—
fix'd his look,

And set the anxious frame that lately
shook:

He gaz'd—how long we gaze despite of
pain,

And know—but dare not own we gaze
in vain!

In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect withered
there;

And the cold flowers her colder hand
contain'd,

In that last grasp as tenderly were
strain'd

As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep.

And made it almost mockery yet to
weep:

The long dark lashes fring'd her lids of
snow—

And veil'd—thought shrinks from all
that lurk'd below—

Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his
might,

And hurls the spirit from her throne of
light!

Sinks those blue orbs in that long last
eclipse,
• at spares, as yet, the charm around
her lips.

Yet—yet they seem as they forbore to
smile,

And wish'd repose, but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extend-
ed treat,

Long—fair—but spread in utter life-
lessness,

Which, late the sport of every summer
wind,

Escaped the baffled wreath that strove
to bind;

These—and the pale pure cheek, be-
came the bier—

But she is nothing—wherefore is he
here?

Instantly he quits the place,
seizes a boat, in which he puts to
sea, and is never after heard of.

Such are the leading features of
this little poem, whose beauties
are such as to prevent us at first
from detecting its defects. These
are, indeed, mostly of an inferior
kind, principally verbal negligences,
which the hurry of composi-
tion, or the author's mode of
expression, has given rise to.—
His readers cannot but remark,
that the gloominess of thought
which prevails through all the
writer's works, are attended by a
corresponding darkness of ex-
pression, which often renders the
sentiment obscure, sometimes even
unintelligible. The same circum-
stance may account for the fre-
quent transposition of the verb
and its subject, even when the
change of place adds no beauty
to the passage. Of the first of
these faults, obscurity in expres-
sion, take the following examples:—

"These are our realms, no limits to
their sway—

Our flag the sceptre, all who meet obey."

"—— his hand salutes the floor,
Ere yet his tongue the trusted message
bore."

i. e. the message entrusted to
him to carry.

"And felt, that all which Freedom's
bosom cheers,

Must break my chain before it dried
my tears."

Of the second—unnecessary
transposition,

"Count they each sail—and mark how
there supine

The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem
shine."

"Sunk he in contemplation—till the
cape

Where last he anchored rear'd its giant
shape.

Several other passages shew
symptoms of carelessness that re-
quire correction.

Long have I led them, not to ruinly
bleed,"

is a Gallicism.

"For Moslem mouths produce their
choicest cheer,

And hoard their curses, till the coast is
clear."

These, and several of the same
kind, are culpable, chiefly because
easily avoided.

In the preface we are informed
that this volume terminates the
authors poetical effusions, at least
for some time. His Lordship shews
a regard for his reputation, which
other writers would do well to imi-
tate. While we regret its conse-
quences to ourselves, we cannot
but respect the principle.

A Synopsis of Political Economy,
By WALTER THOM, Esq. pp. 32
—Coring. Dublin.

Political economy is a science
wholly modern. The leading prin-
ciple of ancient policy seems to
have been to render a nation more
powerful, by the subjection of its
rivals; its internal grandeur was
founded on its external conquests:
the philosophy of modern policy
proceeds in a direction diametri-
cally opposite; it endeavours by
increasing the internal resources
of the state to enlarge its external
influence. The comparative ex-
cellence of the two systems may
be easily balanced. The success
of the former arose from the mis-
eries of others; that of the latter
rests on happiness of ourselves.—
A department of science which

nims at increasing the power of a state, by employing the talents, and enlarging the comforts of every individual within its sphere, has surely the strongest claims on every one who wishes well to his country, or to his fellow creatures.—The most profound speculator in political economy, must, of consequence, be the greatest philosopher. His calculations commence at the college; they extend thro' the whole community; nor do they confine themselves to the limit which his mind might have at first marked out. If successful at home, if his native country derive the expected blessings of increased prosperity and increased political influence from his beneficent labours, the neighbouring nations cannot but follow the example, and every part of the great republic of civilized society became cemented to each other, not by the unnatural bonds of blood and steel, but by a mutual intercourse of good offices.

The work before us is an introduction to this noble science. It is the outline of a great system, exhibiting the leading points to which the student must first direct his attention, in order to proceed methodically to a more minute investigation of any particular branch. Its execution seems completely fitted to this purpose. It appears the compilation of a mind, which, by successive abstractions, had reduced the mass of collected knowledge on this subject to its first principles; and then retracing its own steps, points out successively the consequences immediately and necessarily resulting from them. To give an analysis of the work, would be to copy the book. Every sentence contains a proposition, which claims

thought and attention for its complete development. Every tradition is a necessary corollary, so linked to that which precedes and follows, as to allow of no interruption. The author begins with a definition of the subject he treats of, calling it "the Science which teaches mankind the means of producing and augmenting wealth, prosperity and happiness, arising from the proper management of land, labour, and capital." These are the three great sources of national industry, which is either *agricultural, manufacturing, or mercantile*. Every one of these means mutually support, and are supported; and the combination of all produces the effect required, the augmentation of national wealth, prosperity and happiness.

We do not, as we have already said, pretend to give an abstract of a work which is in itself an abstract in the strictest meaning of the word. Its chief merit is its conciseness. It is, as its name professes, a general map of a great intellectual country, intended to direct the traveller in his outset, to enable him to pause at any point of his progress, and ascertain the extent of his past, and the direction of his future investigations.

The treatise, we have reason to suppose, is the work of a foreigner: if so, we rejoice at it. The influx of foreign talent is the surest proof of our increasing prosperity. Happy will it be for the country when it can offer inducements sufficient to invite strangers to import their stock, whether of labour, property, or knowledge, to augment its resources, heighten its importance, and conduce to the improvement and consequent happiness of its inhabitants.

An Inquiry into the Doctrines of the Reformation, and of the United Church of England and Ireland, respecting the Ruin and Recovery of Mankind. In Two Parts. Part 1st. By the Rev. B. W. MATHIAS, 8vo. pp. 129. R. Napper, Dublin.

This little tract, of which the first part only is now laid before the public, originated in a division or difference of opinion among the clergy of the established church, relative to some of the distinguishing doctrines of the reformed religion. The point at issue is thus stated by the author in his preface:—

There exists at present a considerable diversity of sentiment among the Clergy of the Established Church in Ireland, on the important subject of the ruin and recovery of mankind. Many of them regard man as but little injured by the fall of Adam, or at least not so much so, as to put it beyond his own exertions to raise himself above the difficulties into which it has thrown him. His salvation they consider as resulting from his merits and exertions, or so far suspended on them, as that they are necessary to recommend him to the grace of God, and the merits of Christ.—There are others who think and speak on these subjects in a different manner. They believe that man is by nature dead in trespasses and sins, and unable of himself to think or to do any thing truly good in the sight of God. Every thing excellent in the Christian they ascribe to the influences of the Holy Spirit, and consider his salvation, from the commencement to the completion of it, as the result of the unmerited grace of God. They allow him to trust in no merits, but those of the Redeemer, in which they regard him as interested, not by any works or excellencies of his own, but solely by that faith which is the gift of God, and of the operation of his Spirit; and while they exclude all works of man from the office of justifying him in whole or in part, they uniformly maintain and strenuously inculcate them as the fruits of a genuine faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Mathias undertakes to maintain in print that side which he has so often and so eloquently

pleaded in his public addresses to his hearers. Beginning from the first dawn of the Reformation, he endeavours to prove by copious extracts from the writings of those who maintained its cause, that the latter of the positions now stated has been the real sentiments of the leaders of the Reformation; and, of consequence, that the charge alledged against those who now so zealously advocate these opinions, of being novel, sectarian, and opposed to the principles of the Established Church, are unfounded.

The principles on which our Magazine has been established, and to which we are determined rigidly to adhere, forbids us enlarging on the merits of the question at issue. We can only consider it as a literary subject, written by an Irishman, and issuing from the Irish press. Viewed in this light; the high and well-earned character of its author's eloquence, led us to expect much from his performance. Another circumstance rendered it still more interesting. It has often been asserted, and many cases in point have been adduced, to prove that a public speaker seldom is a good writer; that the style requisite to make an impression on an auditory, is contrary to what attracts attention in the closet. We thought the present publication would tend to throw new light on a question of no small importance in literature. We have been disappointed. The nature of the treatise, with which we were wholly unacquainted until it came before us as a work on which we were to give our opinion to the public, forbids any display of those powers which have so often delighted and convinced his hearers. The intention solely is to point out the sentiments of the oldest re-

formers on the question at issue. To this he clearly adheres, inasmuch that, except a short preface, there are scarcely ten pages of the author's own composition.

The authorities quoted in this first part commence with the Waldenses, the sect that first maintained a regular opposition to the tenets of the Church of Rome, and are brought down, through Wickliffe, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Luther, Melancthon, Peter Martyr, Martin Bucer, and Zuinglius, with copious extracts from the various confessions of faith of the several reformed churches on the continent. Here the treatise breaks off; the reader must wait for the second part to obtain a complete view of the subject.

An expression in the preface has particularly attracted our attention. He complains of scanty means of reference. Why is this so? In a city, the metropolis of a populous country, the only seat of Irish literature, the central point for communication of sentiment among the members of the Established Church, how does it happen that there are not sufficient means of information to its members?—We should gladly see this point cleared up.

Patronage—by MARIA EDGEWORTH, 4 vols. 12mo. pp. 1548.
—London, Johnson & Co. 1814.

To increase the happiness, by exciting the virtuous inclinations of their fellow-creatures, has been the universal and undeviating object of all the publications of the Edgeworth family. Whatever may have been the immediate object of pursuit, whether it was the composition of a tale for the improvement of the younger part of society, or erecting a telegraph for facilitating general communication,

whether it was raising a cast iron steeple, or publishing a novel, their fellow-creatures happiness was the object nearest their heart; to it all else was subordinate. There are many, however, who think that those who attempt to make a novel the vehicle of moral truth, began at the wrong end—many to whom the very name of novel is a word so terrifying, that they consider all the wholesome truths it may contain, all the sound principles of conduct it may exhibit, as thrown away, or what is even worse, as contaminated by the vehicle by which it is communicated. The answer to such unfounded prejudices is easy; but as this is not the place or time for such a discussion, it is necessary at present only to remark, that many of those who have gained much celebrity, and reflected much renown on the time and place of their existence, have chosen this mode of disseminating useful truths. Not only many females whose writings, and may be put on a par with those of the writer now under consideration, in benevolence of design, though few are her equals in success of execution; but even some authors of that profession, who generally deem it decorous to dress truth in graver habiliments, have chosen to instruct their countrymen by means of novels, thus making the language of falsehood conducive to the cause of truth. Of this, as well as every other of Miss Edgeworth's novels, it may be said, that she does not, like most others of the tribe, compose for the sake of engaging the fancy, or alleviating the indolence of her readers, trusting that when the narration draws to a close, something like a moral may be elicited; on the contrary, the truth to be inculcated, the impres-

sion to be made on the mind, is her first object, to which the narration is merely subservient. The former is the soul, the latter only its local habitation. Under such an impression, should every writing of this fair apostle of morality be perused, in order to form an opinion of its merits by its proper standard—the intention of the writer.

Yet, at the same time, it must be acknowledged that when an author chuses any peculiar kind of composition as the vehicle to convey his sentiments, he ought to be bound by the rules by which such species of literature is regulated. The writer of a novel, whatever be its ulterior object, subjects himself to the laws of novel writing. These preliminaries being settled, we shall proceed to our *ultimatum*, the disquisition of the merits of the piece before us.

The purport of the novel is to expose the folly of depending on a great man's patronage, instead of relying on our exertions for procuring independence. This is illustrated in the memoirs of two families, the contrast of whose principles of action and habits of life are fully and forcibly delineated. In perusing this part of her plan, we must point out what we consider as a defect in the writer's management. The main object of the whole story is, as we have just now said, to expose the evils of patronage. To exhibit these in the strongest light, the family who are designed to exemplify them, should take the leading part—they should stand in the fore ground of the picture. It has not been so. They are made subservient to the family of the independent man. They seem to be used as foils to display more brilliantly the lustre of the domestic virtues.

So far indeed are they thrown into the back ground, that at the conclusion of the book, the reader is left to guess at the fate of several of its members, while the life of each of the other family is regularly wound up to the due catastrophe of matrimony. Had the writer's intention at the outset been to demonstrate the happiness of real independence, and used the courtier as a foil—had the book been entitled *The Independent Man*, the plan now adopted would have been strictly correct. The defect, however, is but trifling; and if the train of incidents be sufficiently varied, closely connected, and well wound up; if the characters be well designed and truly coloured; if the sentiments correspond with their great object, the improvement of the mind, and the developement of character in the peculiar circumstances, in which they are intended to be placed, the error or oversight, or call it what we will, may be well passed over as a pardonable negligence. To the examination of the important points now enumerated, which constitute the very essence of this species of composition, we now direct our attention, merely premising, to avoid future repetitions, that the name of the courtier is Falconer, that of the country gentleman Percy.

The book commences with an interesting and well told account of a shipwreck, in which Mr. Percy exerts himself with much courage and prudence in the cause of humanity. Such a beginning excites a degree of interest, which, however, is not kept up with equal vigour throughout the sequel. In many places the narration flags; nor is there in general a variety of incident sufficient to keep the mind directed to the train of events.

Without looking for an unreasonable assemblage of hair breadth escapes, elopements, duels, and other similar resources of distressed novelists; or else, which is a succedaneum still worse, dark castles, trap-doors and unexpected knocks at the wainscot, without demanding a supply of these, it is not unreasonable to expect that the general tenor of circumstances should be selected from those which are most calculated to rouse the mind in real life. For, although the ultimate object of a novel, as well as of every other work of imagination, be improvement, the point in which it differs essentially from other writings whose end is the same, is the means by which that improvement is to be introduced to the mind. In books professedly moral, the great means employed is to convince the understanding: in writings such as the present; the imagination must be courted. In the former, reason commands; in the latter, fancy allures—the one attacks the heart through the head by conviction, the other gains the head through the heart by insinuation. If therefore a writer employ any other measures to accomplish his designs, the work may be excellent in its kind, but it ceases to be a novel; and in consequence, as far as he neglects to interest the passions, for the sake of impressing moral conclusions, so far he deviates from the principles he professes to maintain, and so far his composition forfeits its claim to praise in this respect.

The propriety, the necessity of adhering to this principle, is obvious. It is not enough that good books be written; to produce their effect; they must be read. With those who wish to improve their minds and confirm their hearts in virtue, the merits of a book are its

sufficient recommendation. But there is a class, and unfortunately a large class of society, who do not wish to be improved; a good book is their aversion; they must be amused. Their intellectual faculties are so depraved, that they would turn from the medicine, even when conscious of its utility. Some probably would say, leave them to themselves, and let them suffer the penalties of their own perverseness: but a wise physician and a real philanthropist, will act otherwise. The one will gild the pill, the other will adorn the story, to conquer, by yielding to it, the perversity of their patients.

Hence originates novels, and here is their utility. But to be truly useful, they must be really novels, and if they have not all, or at least the greatest part of the characteristics of this species of writing, they cease to execute their effect. Like other good books, they are laid by till a more convenient season, and works of amusement, unseasoned with any portion of morality, usurp their place. Several respectable moralists, and even some reverend gentlemen, have failed for want of due attention to this distinction. Their excellent precepts are in a great measure lost to the world. Introduced in books where the narrative is little more than a heavy vehicle of instruction, they are disregarded by one kind of readers because they are not novels, and again by the other because they are.

What has now been said, is intended to apply directly to the subject at present under discussion. The incidents appear to have little variety, nor do they follow one another with sufficient quickness and vivacity. There is too much still life—too much of the domestic pastoral. (*To be continued.*)

REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE
ARTS IN GERMANY.*(Continued from page 302.)*

In treating of the fine Arts in Germany, we are led to speak of writers, rather than of artists. In every point of view, the theory of the Germans is superior to their practice: the north is so unfavourable to those arts which are addressed to the eye, that we are almost tempted to consider the spirit of reflection bestowed on it, solely to enable it to become a spectator of the south.

There are many galleries of paintings, and collections of drawings in Germany; hence may be inferred a love for the fine arts in all classes. Many noblemen, and literary characters are in possession of fine copies of the masterpieces of antiquity: the house of Goethe is remarkable in this respect; he endeavours to derive from them not only the pleasure excited by the sight of the statues and paintings of the great masters, he thinks that his genius and his soul are affected by their influence. "I would become a better man" said he, "if I had always before my eyes, the head of the Olympian Jupiter, which the ancients so much admired." Many distinguished painters have settled at Dresden: the fine paintings in the gallery, excite their talents and emulation. The Virgin of Raphael, with the two children looking at her, is alone a treasure for the arts: it possesses an elevation and a chasteness of expression, which is the soul of the religion and internal strength of mind. In this picture symmetry of features is but an incidental part, the long robes, of modesty, turn all the attention to the countenances, the expression of which, more admir-

able than the features themselves, is like the beauty of the supreme Being beaming through that of a terrestrial creature.

The Christ, whom his mother holds in her arms, is but two years old at most; yet the amazing skill of painting has been able to express the powers of the supreme Being in a countenance as yet scarcely formed. The appearance of the infant angels at the bottom of the piece is delightful; the innocence of that age alone could charm by the side of celestial brightness: their astonishment at the splendour of the Virgin's countenance indicates nothing of that surprise which man would feel: their adoration has an air of confidence as if they recognized in her an inhabitant of the heaven they had but lately quitted.

Next to the Virgin of Raphael, the Night of Corregio is the finest masterpiece in the Dresden Gallery. The Adoration of the Shepherds is a common subject for painters; but as novelty is as nothing in the pleasure we derive from painting, the composition of Corregio's is sufficient to give it a claim to our admiration: the infant on his mother's knees receives at midnight the homage of the astonished shepherds: the light which beams from the sacred glory which encircles his head, has in it an air of sublimity: the figures placed in the back of the picture, at a distance from the heavenly infant, are still enveloped in darkness: it might be said that this obscurity is an emblem of human life before it was enlightened by the beams of revelation.

Among the various pictures of

modern painters in Dresden, I recollect a head of Dante that has somewhat of the character given to Ossian in the fine painting of Gerard. The correspondence is happy: Dante and the son of Fingal may join hands through the distance and darkness of ages.

A piece of Hartmann represents the visit of Mary Magdalen and the other two Marys, to the sepulchre of Christ: the angel appears to them to announce his resurrection. The open coffin no longer containing the relics of mortality, the beautiful women raising their eyes to heaven in quest of him whom they had come to seek in the shades of the grave, form a piece at once equally picturesque and dramatic.

Schick, another German artist, now settled at Rome, has composed a picture representing the first sacrifice of Noah after the deluge: nature, revived by the waters, seems to have gained fresh verdure; the animals seem to assume an air of familiarity with the patriarch and his children after having survived along with him the universal desolation. The grass, the flowers, and the sky are painted with those lively and natural colours which recall the sensations excited by the pasturages of the eastern countries. Many other artists have also attempted to follow the new system introduced, or rather revived, in literary poetry; but the arts must be maintained by wealth, and great fortunes are scattered through the different cities in Germany. Besides, the real progress made by the arts in Germany extends as yet no farther than the perception and imitation of the spirit of the ancient masters; original genius has not as yet assumed a decided aspect.

Sculpture has not yet been cultivated with much success in Ger-

many; first, because they have not the marble that can make a masterpiece immortal, and also because that air and grace of attitude and gesture is at present wanting, which can only be acquired by the gymnastic exercises and dancing. Yet Thorswalden, a Danish artist educated in Germany, already rivals Canova at Rome; his Jason resembles him described by Pindar as the most beautiful of men; the fleece is on his left arm—in his right he holds a lance, and the tranquillity of strength characterizes the hero.

I have said that sculpture fails where dancing is neglected: the only phenomenon which Germany possess in this latter art is Ida Brunn, a young girl whom the habits of society forbid to assume those of the artist: she has acquired from nature and her mother an inconceivable talent of expressing by simple attitudes the most affecting pictures, or the finest statues; her dancing is a series of fleeting masterpieces, any one of which, we would fain fix for ever. It is however true that Ida's mother has conceived in her imagination all that her daughter can represent to the eye. The poems of Madame Brunn have disclosed a thousand new beauties of nature and of art, that never before presented themselves to the inattentive observer. I have seen Ida, while yet a child, represent Althea about to burn the brand on which the life of Meleager depended; expressing without the aid of words, the grief, the struggle, the horrid determination of the mother: her animated looks, no doubt, tended to convey more strongly the untold emotions of her soul; but the art of varying her gestures, the masterly disposition of the folds of her purple drapery, produced at least as

great effects as her countenance: often she paused in the same attitude; and no painter could have invented any thing superior to the picture thus suddenly developed—such a talent is unique. In my opinion, however, the German would succeed better in the pantomime dance, than in that which, as with the French, solely consists in graceful movements and bodily agility.

The Germans excel in instrumental music; the profound knowledge required, and the patience necessary for executing it well, are natural to them; they have also composers of an inventive and fruitful imagination. I know but one objection to their genius, as musicians; they introduce too much refinement into their works, they reflect too deeply on what

they do. Instinct rather than thought is requisite in the fine arts: the German composers adhere too closely to the words of the poetry; this is a matter of great moment, it is true, to those who admire the words more than the music; and besides it cannot be denied that a disagreement between the sense of the one, and the expression of the other, would be disagreeable; yet the Italians who are the true musicians of nature, are satisfied merely with a general conformity of the airs to the poetry. In ballads, and vau-devilles where there is but little music, the little may be made subservient to the words; but, to produce great effects from melody, it is necessary to advance directly to the soul by an immediate emotion.

(To be continued.)

ADDRESS

OF THE MANAGERS AND VISITORS OF THE BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION, TO THE PROPRIETORS, &c. ON OPENING THE SCHOOLS.

(Continued from page 304.)

Of nothing are the Boards more desirous, than that pupils of all religious denominations, should communicate, by frequent and friendly intercourse, in the common business of education, by which means a new turn might be given to the national character and habits, and all the children of Ireland should know and love each other.

Gentlemen Teachers,—we have thus stated the object and intentions of the joint Boards of Managers and Visitors, but you are to realize this object by your attention and abilities. We have created the body of the Establishment, but you are, as it were, to breathe into it a living soul. You are the present depositaries of that precious trust, for which, you will always remember, that we are, in the first instance, and greatest degree, and always responsible.—You are the executive, and we the legislative, both under the controul of the Proprietors at large.

We are perfectly sensible, that from our want of experience in the practice of teaching, through all its detail, we shall stand in need of your co-operating

assistance and advice in the management of the respective schools, and in the whole interior economy of the Establishment; but in requesting this advice and assistance, we trust we need not caution you against that undue assumption of superior information, which is apt to make professional men slight and undervalue the opinions of those not engaged in the same pursuits, who, notwithstanding, by their very distance, may take a more comprehensive view of things, under their various bearings, while you, by your very proximity to your profession, may be apt to contract unreasonable prejudices, and ill-founded partialities. We feel it a very delicate and disagreeable task, to speak to professional men, of professional duties; nor, had we a doubt of your discharging yours with general satisfaction, would we have chosen you to fill your respective situations. Will the English Master allow us to recommend two great desiderata in our school education—composition in the native tongue, and occasional declamation from its principal authors? And will

our learned and accomplished Classical Teacher, allow us to hope that he will take the trouble or the pleasure of making a more judicious selection of school-books, or a better and more chaste extraction from those that are taught in our present seminaries of polite literature? Good elementary works is an object of the first importance.

You will, Gentlemen, it is to be hoped, have pupils of every rank, of high and low connexion, and of every religious denomination; and we need scarcely inform you, that a school is a little commonweal under that steady but paternal monarchy, which gives the most impartial encouragement to merit, diligence, and good behaviour, wherever these qualities are found. A decided preference will, we doubt not, be secured to the most meritorious students, of whatever religion or rank in society.

We would, in general, express our desire, (and an address of this kind can only make use of general terms,) that the system of school-government were made as much remunerative, and as little penal, as possible: that it should act by motives on the mind, rather than by pains inflicted on the body; that example should teach, emulation should quicken, glory should exalt, a sentiment of honour should be cultivated, rather than to recur, oftener than is absolutely necessary, to manual correction, or corporal punishment. The correction of the Master's hand is, sometimes, the unhappy consequence of the carelessness of his eye, and a sort of compensation for the suspension of his vigilance; and we must be allowed to express our serious doubts on the efficacy of a principal corporal punishment, either on the object of it, or in the example; although it may have been defended by the stern authority of Dr. Johnson, and of that Dionysius, who was once a tyrant at Syracuse, and afterwards became a school-master at Corinth. A chaplet of laurel is, in our minds, worth a cart load of birch; and we think there is a magisterial authority to be attained, sufficient for its ends, without recurring to frequent manifestation of power.—Yet, at the same time, we are perfectly sensible, that nothing will be more destructive to the maintenance of good order and due subordination, within the walls of this Institution, than any idea spreading through the pupils, of a divided or incomplete authority in the preceptors, and, therefore, of a con-

stant appeal to the Board of Visitors. We think, that it is only in extreme cases, few, if any, of which, we hope will ever occur, that the Boards will have to interfere with any of the teachers in their necessary, and, except in such cases, their exclusive authority over their respective schools.

All the Masters and Professors are to be deemed co-ordinate; responsible only for the management of their own departments; not possessing any authority over each other; and all are equally accountable to the authority of the Boards, in the manner and degree laid down by the laws. The joint Boards are to be considered as the Principal or Provost of the Academical Institution; nor can we have the least apprehension of any discord or misunderstanding among the acting Members of the Institution, or between them and the Boards of Managers and Visitors, if the general good of the establishment be an object of their common concern.

We shall soon have to submit to your revision a code of regulations for the interior economy of the Institution, and the management of the schools, so as not to interfere, either in place or time, with each other. In short, all the different Teachers are to be considered just as fingers of the same hand; separated, yet united; conjoined for the use and ornament of life, each sustaining and sustained, and the absence of one of which would prove a misfortune and a deformity.

We trust, Gentlemen, that in a Seminary of literature, an appropriate quotation from an ancient author will not be deemed improper, provided it be found extremely applicable to the occasion of this meeting. We shall therefore read a passage from one of the latest Classics, the amiable and excellent Pliny the Younger, in a letter of his to the first of historians, Tacitus; and we shall subjoin a free translation of the venerable original.

“Proximè quum in patria mea fui, venit ad me salutandum municipis mei filius prætextatus. Huic ego, Studes? inquam. Respondit, Etiam. Ubi? Mediolani. Cur non hic? Et pater ejus (erat enim unâ, atque etiam ipse adduxerat puerum.) Quia nullos hic præceptores habemus. Quare nullos? Nam vehementer intererat vestra qui patres estis (& opportunè complures patres audiebant) liberos vestros hic potissimum discere. Ubi enim aut jucundius morarentur quam in patria aut pudicitius continerentur quam sub oculis patrum.

tum? aut minore sumptu quàm domi? Quantum est ergo collata pecunia conducere præceptores? quodque nunc in habitationes, in viaticum, in ea quæ peregrè emuntur (omnia autem peregrè emuntur) impenditis, adicere inexcusabilis? Proinde consentite, conspirete, majoremque animum ex meo sumite, qui cupio, esse quàm plurimum quod debeam conferre. Nihil honestius præstari liberis vestris, nihil gratius patriæ potestis. Edoceantur hic qui hic nascuntur, statimque, ab infanzia natale solum amare, frequentare consueverunt. Atque attingam tam claros præceptores, indicatis, ut a finitimis oppida studia hinc petantur! utique nunc liberi vestri aliena in loca, ita mox alieni in hunc locum conflant, &c. "I was lately," says Pliny, "at my native place, when the son of a man of some consequence in the neighbourhood came to pay me his respects. 'Are you a student?' said I. He answered, 'Yes.' 'And where do you pursue your studies?' 'At Milan.' 'Why not at home?' His father, who accompanied the boy, replied, 'Because we have no choice of masters in this place.' 'And why have you not?' said I; 'for certainly nothing can be of more prime importance to every father of a family, (and luckily there were many present at our conference,) nothing can be more desirable than that your children should be educated in the place of their nativity. Where can their hearts find such sweet and strong attachments? Where can their passions be kept in such wholesome restraint as under the guardian eyes and superintendence of their parents, never far distant from their preceptors? Where can they be taught at such moderate expence, or get masters at rates so reasonable, while the money now expended in travelling to another land, in board and lodging, in fees, and various other expences, might be laid out much more profitably at home, where parents may be at all times at hand to judge of the progress and behaviour of the pupils, and to restrain or enlarge the expenditure, as circumstances may suggest."

"Wherefore, let me beseech you, to unite with a perfect consonance of sentiment, with head and heart, person and purse, in bringing education, a course of useful and liberal instruction, home to our very doors. Let not children, as they too often are, be a restraint upon their parents, but let the parents be always prepared to restrain their children, not removing from their sight and society, their offspring, at the sweet

spring time of life, but watching with delight, yet with anxiety, the blossoming mind, the development of the heart and affections, as well as of the understanding, and never suffering these best and noblest qualities of the human creature to shrivel up in a foreign country, for want of their proper objects. You cannot, believe me, you cannot perform a service more useful to your children, or more honourable, and at the same time, profitable, to your dear and native land. Here, they were born; here, let them be bred; and in their rising years, let them be early accustomed (and what is education, but early custom?) to taste the sweetness of the natal soil, and to associate every thing instructive, amiable, and endearing with the words *OUR COUNTRY*. Very sincerely do I wish, you may select preceptors of such abilities, as may attract scholars from other parts, and as at present your children are obliged to resort to another country for a complete education, the time may speedily arrive, when those of another country may come among you for the same good purpose."

Such were the sentiments and advice of Pliny to his compatriots, and we think them well adapted, even at this day, to call forth your most serious consideration. It would be presumptuous in us to add any words of our own to the weight of such an authority; and we therefore conclude, with our most fervent good wishes, nay, even our prayers, for the progressive success of this seminary of popular education: that the object of the first founders may be perfected; that their present zeal may not be soon cooled, but may burn still brighter, and be continued to warm and animate their successors, and those who shall succeed to them; that the original spirit may not be lost by habitude and familiarity; that Government may find it the best political economy to retain and secure the hearts of the people, by encouraging and fostering such institutions as the present, without attempting to encroach on their self-government; that the public may find reason to applaud our designs, and to contribute to their full accomplishment; that a spirit of accommodation, and a reciprocity of good offices may ever prevail within these walls, among the Directors, the Masters and Professors; and that, in fine, our children, and our children's children, within these same walls, may reap the full benefits of intellectual and not less of moral improvement; so that in their future progress, in their mature manhood, or

even in their declining age, they may stop for a little in their journey of life, and pointing to this building, say, "There it was we spent our most delightful and instructive days; there we were taught by the kindest of masters ;

there we learned not only to understand, but to feel the Classics, to cultivate the arts and sciences, and to LOVE OUR COUNTRY!"

So may it be, we pray to Heaven!

(For the Monthly Museum.)

THE ANCHORITE.—No. III.

"Heaven bade the light of knowledge shed its rays
Wide and impartial as the solar blaze."

My respected friend and neighbour, Mr. Geoffrey Downright, having lately published an essay, wherein he exposes to merited ridicule, that grotesque abuse of human learning in which pedants indulge, and are countenanced in their folly by the admiration of the ignorant; I cannot employ this paper more seasonably than in recommending the diffusion of useful knowledge amongst all classes of society. Those days of gothic barbarity are happily past, when reading and writing were considered as a black art, and every advance to polite literature as a departure from moral rectitude. An ancient Scottish Earl boasted, that of his five sons, but one had degenerated to the study of his criss-cross-row, and that the misguided youth had become a Bishop. In the reign of our Sixth Henry, learning was regarded by the people as high-treason against their supremacy, inasmuch, that when Jack Cade, moved by the eloquence of Lord Say, was inclining to the side of mercy, on information that said culprit was guilty of reading, writing, and speaking latin, he ordered him instantly to the block; thus merging the softer feelings of humanity in a just abhorrence of the lettered criminal's delinquency. Learning, however, made some advances; yet even these, slow as

they were, I attribute rather to the wickedness than to the virtue of our ancestors; who, to shield themselves from the disagreeable penalties prescribed by law, in cases of larceny, sheep-stealing, and certain other familiar pastimes of a rude age, pored over the black-letter rudiments of their horn-books, till they could plead their benefit of clergy—thus the felon, who from his learning might be supposed better acquainted with the enormity of his guilt, escaped the punishment, while the uninformed caitiff was unrelentingly doomed to execution for the miscreancy of ignorance. We find that with such powerful encouragement, literature gained on the esteem of the multitude, and that in Shakespeare's day, *George Seacoal was thought to be "the most desertless man to fill the office of constable of the watch," inasmuch as he could read and write; but so rare and estimable were these qualifications held by Captain Dogberry, that he concluded them totally unattainable by art, and solely the gift of nature, and therefore exhorts the aforesaid George to "make no boast; but to let them appear when there was no need of such vanity." Strange vicissitudes in the progress of learning! where we behold an innocent noble suffer

* "Much ado about nothing."

death for its heresy; the condemned felon absolved for its orthodoxy; and the pious Captain Dogberry exclaiming with Solomon, "that it is all vanity!!"—But to be serious on a matter of such serious importance: it has been much debated whether a diffusion of knowledge among the lower classes would contribute as well to their happiness as to the interests of society in general.—The advocates for ignorance argue that an increase of learning would put too much power in the hands of a people already refractory to the established authorities; that a neglect of husbandry would result from a cultivation of letters; that a corruption on morals might thence ensue, without an increase of happiness; and that the solution of the sublimest problems of the mathematics could afford but small consolation to the starving scholar for the loss of his harvest. Very slight consideration may convince us of the futility of these objections (in which more is assumed than I should willingly grant) and demonstrate the advantages of a general diffusion of knowledge, by which I would be understood to mean no more than instructing all classes in reading, writing, and the first principles of arithmetic:—thus opening to universal competition the vestibule of science, and displaying to view "a hill-side, laborious indeed at the first ascent; but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.*"

That all men are not capable of particular kinds of knowledge, is a truth impressed on our conviction, both by reason and experience; an attempt therefore to introduce a

* Milton's Tractate on Education.

plan of *general* information, comprehending the languages, mathematics, astronomy, &c. &c. would be as absurd as it is useless and impracticable. Under the limitations I have prescribed, this absurdity is obviated; nothing is offered but what any rational man may acquire; and his situation in life must be the boundary to the extent of his information. The peasant, whose days are consumed in labour, will be incapable of soaring to any extravagant pitch in literature; whilst he whose means are adequate, and whose inclination prompts to study, may freely indulge in the innocent and profitable pursuit. Conceiving the question in this sense, unbiassed reason cannot hesitate in her election; it is like other important theories agitated merely by interest and prejudice, against reason and humanity; nor can we be at a loss to account why men should feel a repugnance to extend the advantages of education. Ignorance in the people gives free opportunity to the impositions of a corrupt government, and a subtle minister may ride at full sweep over the liberties of a country whose population is too uninformed to detect or chastise his iniquity. To an ambitious clergy, the darkness of ignorance presents the fittest medium for acquiring an unbounded influence over the minds of their flock; superstition and enthusiasm, which thrive best in the most uncultured understanding, being the main engines of an artful and political priesthood. To the credulous ignorant, religion appears clad in monkish austerity, in one hand holding the code of penal statutes, and in the other the sword of punishment; whilst from her mouth issue the denunciations of death and eternal ven-

geance; but to him who has himself drawn from the fountains of living water, she cheerfully discloses all her perfections and beauty, breathing "glory to God in the heavens, and on earth peace and good will to men." He is surprized to find the gloom of superstition changed into the splendour of truth, and the dreadful being at whose name he shuddered, become the object of his warmest adoration; he opposes reason and revelation to the frauds of priestcraft, and the golden calf is thrown from his pedestal in contempt. Thus the traveller fears the arm of the assassin in the dark which he would set at nought in the light; and dreads the goblin at midnight which he would laugh at in the morning.

The diffusion of knowledge would materially contribute to the happiness of mankind by increasing the means of moral instruction, and enabling them to consult the unerring guide, the divine rule of faith as presented to us in the sacred scriptures. The inhabitants of Scotland are a striking instance of this truth: they are not of a race naturally superior to their fellows; but from the influence of extended education, they have become remarkable as an industrious, frugal, honest, and religious people. Science has opened her thousand gates, and every avenue is occupied by a Scot: agriculture has spread her blessings over the land; religion illumines the cotter's hut; and the bleak mountains of the north are the cradles of poetry. We need not fear that an extension of learning would swell the heart with vanity, for the more man knows, the less reason has he for her pride; he perceives that the largest extent of human knowledge is but one

page from the infinite volume of nature, and that the most contemptible particle of matter can baffle his keenest research; and surely the reflection will convince him of his own insufficiency. Neither can we suppose that thus instructed, he will become more ambitious or solicitous for regal glitter, since every history he reads must shew him that royalty is but splendid misery, and

—that a crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of
thorns;

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and
sleepless nights

To him who wears the royal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden
lies. — *Pur. Reg. B. 2nd.*

Whereas the more ignorant the man, the more apt he is to be struck with external splendor; as Partridge naturally preferred a ranter pranked in the gaudy plumage of royalty to Garrick himself in the homely weeds of the mourner Hamlet. Education will also render the subject more obedient to the laws and just authority of his rulers, by teaching him the blessings of peace and social order, by laying before him the miseries of war and insubordination, and by exhibiting to his respect and example the glorious effects of sincere patriotism.

Knowledge possesses that peculiar and happy quality that, different from property, it can be conferred on one without being taken from another, like a torch at whose flame a thousand others may be lit without any diminution of its own brilliancy. Nor can the frauds of the world or the chicanery of law rob us of our possessions in the fields of literature; we retain them as an unalienable and secure resource against all the misfortunes of life, until the decays of nature "do steep our senses in forgetfulness," and death by opening the gates of eternity put an end to

mortal life and human endowments. Is it not, therefore, selfish to exclude others from the benefits of knowledge which we have enjoyed? why do we imagine that we can gather the harvest uninjured into our garners, but that tares and brambles will choke the good seed in our less prosperous neighbours? 'tis arrogance to presume that the waters will be cloven for our passage, but that they will return and over-whelm all who dare to follow our steps—no—but 'tis the interest and duty of every man to extend to his utmost the blessings of education; by this means augmenting the happiness, confirming the morals and religion of his fellow creatures, and developing many a latent genius whose brilliancy might otherwise return to the dust “un-

noticed and unknown.” In the levelling darkness of the night, the diamond remains equally obscure as the rugged rock to which it adheres; but the ray of the morning, while it falls unreflected on the one, and is glanced back with multiplied lustre from the other, raises the former to proper admiration, and resigns the latter to its intrinsic insignificance. Let the light of knowledge be diffused through all ranks of society; and industry, happiness and morality will be the undoubted consequence; the hardened and the dull may not be illumined by its rays, but other Bloomfields and Burnes may start forth in all the brightness of original talent.

* THE ANCHORITE.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

“*The Emerald Isle*”—*A favourite Air composed and arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte or Harp, by J. BLEWITT.*—Price 2s. 6d.

THE introduction is written with taste and judgment; in bar 14 we observe the 4th invention of the fundamental seventh succeeded by a dissonant chord; B natural with the chord of the sixth would have been preferable. Mr. B. has been most happy in the subject of this air; it is one of those pleasing strains which greatly improves on acquaintance, gives pleasure by reiteration of its performance, and like all other agreeable subjects, is not easily forgotten when once heard. We cannot conceive the reason Mr. B. begins with an inverted chord in this arrangement, and the fundamental chord in the original; the third inverted chord might have been with more propriety introduced (for the sake of variety) in the same place; in page 5, bar 17, Mr. B. makes

demonstrations by favour of the flat seventh to proceed to the key of C, suddenly passes and proceeds to E minore; this is judiciously conceived and does him great credit. At the end 7, page 8 he once more introduces the subject with diminished notes, the effect of which is brilliant and animated. We promise the *Emerald Isle* will be always a favourite, and recommend it to all Piano-Forte students.

“*Of all the Airts the wind can blow*”—*A Glee, harmonized for three voices, by B. REIGOL.*—Price, 2s. 6d.

THE melody of this Glee is certainly of the most pleasing description. We find several appropriate delightful passages, and though slight in its texture, it is woven together with great ingenuity, and bespeaks the master. Mr. R. has introduced a considerable portion of air in the inner part and bass, which is extreme.

ly desirable, as it interests the performers, and consequently adds to the effect; the accompaniment is particularly pleasing and characteristic. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying it is one of the most pleasing glees we have seen for some time, and which to be admired needs only to be known. We are at a loss to conceive for what reason the composer (who has already obtained great and well deserved celebrity,) should be anxious to envelope in an anagram, his claim to the meed of applause which this morceau richly merits; however, the veil is of too transparent a nature, and we can plainly discover through it the proper appellation of him on whom our suspicions rested all along. We are sure it will prove a source of gratification to his admirers, by reversing the order of the letters, to see him stand revealed with all his blushing honours thick around him.

"Fresh and Strong the breeze is blowing,"—with variations, for the Piano-Forte, by W. WARREN, Price, 3s.

THE subject is pleasing and interesting, but we conceive it not sufficiently harmonized as a *thema*, and has on that account more the appearance of a variation than a subject. In the 1st and 13th bars, we should have preferred the suspension of the dominant in the following bars, to have avoided even the appearance of fifths, the first variation, which we should imagine was intended for the second, is a masterly contrivance, and the effect produced by contrary motion exceedingly good; in the last bar but

one, (page 2,) Mr. W. has introduced following eights, for what reason, we are at a loss to know, as he appears to have set out determined to give each part a distinct and separate character; the only fault in the following variation (which is very animated,) is similar to that pointed out in the preceeding one; the fourth variation (in three parts) B flat minore, claims our warmest approbation, the air is preserved whilst the inner part and bass have a different motion; the seventh (*adagio cantabile*) forms a pleasing contrast and the continued efforts highly creditable to its author; and, we may add, equally so to those who are capable of doing justice to it in the performance.

"Celbridge Abbey,"—A Rondo for the Piano Forte, by T. COOKE, price 2s. 6d.

We cannot but confess ourselves pleased with the production. Mr. T. Cooke's introductory movement claims our approbation, the stile is simple, but interesting; we should have preferred (for the sake of variety) a different harmony in the unaccented part of the 6th bar; had the bass ascended a semitone, bearing the harmony of the *minor seventh*, it would have been preferable, as, in the present instance, it is monotonous. The subject of the Rondo is light and airy, and worked in a tasteful and effective manner: as a Piano Forte exercise, we can justly recommend *Celbridge Abbey*; it will not fail to please and improve the practitioner. We hope to see more of this stile of composition, from the pen of Mr. T. Cooke.

"*Strains of other days*,"—being a selection of favourite Irish Airs, arranged for the Piano Forte, and dedicated to the Irish Harp Society, by J. B. LOGIER.

Mr. Logier has commenced this national and interesting work with a happy collection of airs, Kitty Tyrrell, and the Bard's Legacy. The 4th and 5th bars in the introduction, although (strictly speaking) not consecutive in their progression, yet have all the appearance of irregularity, which might have easily been avoided by a suppression of some of its component parts. The elegance of style, freedom of fancy, and happy junction of the parts, do great credit to the composer. The passages, generally speaking, rise out of each other easily and naturally, and the movements are judiciously contrasted; the com-

bined effect cannot fail to give pleasure to the Piano Forte student.

"*The Emperor Alexander's New Waltz*,"—taken from a Musical Box, in the possession of Mr. Mullen, of Dame-street, arranged for the Piano Forte, by Mr. J. BLEWITT.

This is an elegant and playful little production. Were we inclined to be fastidious, we might find fault with the succession of fourth and fifth, between the treble and bass in bars 3 and 4: however, we must do Mr. Blewitt the justice to believe, that this error exists in the setting of the music on the Box, which Mr. B. has in this instance rather too faithfully handed to us. The part, independent of the subject, is perfectly in the character of that which suggested it, and does the arranger much credit.

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The Pocket Companion to the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Checks, Drafts, &c. &c. To which are added, Tables of the Stamp Duties, &c. &c. By the Editor of the Legal and Literary Journal, and Independent Review. 2s. 6d.

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The first volume of the Statistical account of Ireland, consisting of separate accounts from every parish in the kingdom; by William Shaw Mason, Esq. is in the press, and its publication may be expected in the course of the next month, or that which succeeds it at farthest.

The limits of the present article prevent us from dwelling more at large on this work: in our next number we shall be able to give a more detailed account of it.

A Dictionary of the Irish language selected from the most authentic documents now existing, is ready for publication, and will be put to press as soon as a number of subscribers sufficient to defray the expense of printing have been collected. The author is Mr. Edward O'Reilly, already known as author of an Irish Grammar.

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The above are by the author of "Mary list awake."

* * Mr. Logier is appointed professor of Music to the Feinaigian Institution, Luxembourg.

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Round dress of jaconet muslin, made high to the throat, and rather longer in the waist than last month. Long sleeve gauged at the wrists about an inch; the sleeve is left about two inches in length from the gauging, and is edged with a very fine narrow lace. The collar, which is made tight to the neck, is also edged with a lace to correspond. A very rich embroidery goes round the bottom of the dress. The Huntley bonnet and scarf, for which we refer our readers to the Plate, have a very elegant effect; they are composed of rich twilled plaid sarsenet; the scarf is three yards in length, it is a straight piece, and is disposed according to the taste of the wearer. A beautiful Prince's plume ornaments the bonnet. Very pale tan slippers and gloves.

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Frock of rich twilled white sarsenet, the body the same as last month; the sleeve very short and full; a plain band of velvet at bottom, which is ornamented with three rows of the fashionable rib-band trimming. The bottom of the frock is trimmed in a similar manner, with three rows of rib-band fancifully disposed as a wreath of flowers. The neck is delicately shaded by a tippet *a la Diane*, which is composed of lace and white satin; it is formed behind as a small cottage tippet, entirely of lace, but the front, as our readers may see by our Plate, is made to fit the neck, and at the same time displays the shape to the greatest advantage; it comes up very high in the bottom of the neck, and is edged all round with a fine narrow lace; a part of the

letting-in-lace of which it is composed, and which is also edged with narrow lace, ties it in front of the bosom; and just above the lace bow a small bouquet of winter flowers has a very pretty effect. Head-dress, the Wellington hood of fine white lace; the form is simply that of a hood which just fits the head, and is finished by a rich lace border, which is put round plain, except on each temple, where it is very full; lace cords hang carelessly at each ear; it is ornamented with a winter flounce in front. Hair very much parted on the forehead, and disposed in large but light curls on the temples. White velvet slippers lightly embroidered with silver in front. White kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

As the Museum might not probably reach some of our fair readers before the half Mourning for the Queen's late brother would be nearly over, we thought it better to give the accompanying fashions. The following description will, however, partly compensate:—

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Walking Dress.

Engraved by Brevas for the Dublin Monthly Museum.



Evening Dress

Engraved by Drocas for the Dublin Monthly Magazine

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taste of the wearers; and it is inconceivable what variety our tasteful *belles* contrive to give to their appearance, by the introduction of these draperies, which on a graceful form are irresistible. Plain black or white slippers and fans.

MNEMONICS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.

SIR,

Deeply impressed with the value of science in general, and of *mnemonics* most particularly, and being anxious to extend its benefits to the enlightened inhabitants of this metropolis, who are, I am sorry to find, still insatuated enough to send their children to those academics, where all the faculties of the human mind are brought into action, and made subservient to the acquisition of knowledge, I beg, through the medium of your excellent publication, to acquaint the public that I am in treaty for the *Royal Exchange*, where the merchants (entirely from the want of my *symbols*) have forgotten to congregate, and intend to fit it up for the reception of pupils, in the rooms now occupied by the Commissioners of *Bankrupts*. I purpose giving Evening Lectures to the *Dublin School-masters*, who, if they wish to avoid the fate attached to those apartments, will find it their duty, as well as interest, to attend, provided they promise to come unincumbered with either *judgment*, *attention*, *imagination*, or any other mental qualification, formerly considered essential in their profession.

I enclose my preliminary Lecture, which I have no doubt of your inserting; not merely on account of its intrinsic merit, as confirmed by my Committee, but as a production of a descendant of that celebrated man whom *Fielding* has immortalized in *Tom Jones*, the illustrations opponent of *Thwackum*, (an ignorant pedagogue) and the intrepid advocate of the *fitness of things*.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SYLVESTER SQUARE.

PRELIMINARY LECTURE.

Felices memorie—Judicium expectans.

Epitaph on Joshua Barnes.

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is a very well known and authenticated fact that memory ranks the highest among the human faculties. Independent of memory every thing would be forgotten, nor would the impression, I trust I shall be enabled to make this day, remain, without its aid, one moment on your minds; but memory, like all the other powers which the Almighty has bestowed upon us, of itself, and without human interference, is, it must be acknowledged, a very weak and uncertain possession. Cultivated in the natural way, the harvest of memory is scanty and effete, nor will it ever thrive with vigour and effect, till enriched with that *technical manure* which it has fallen to my lot to create and to apply.

It has, to be sure, been objected, that our most celebrated orators were never known to have availed themselves of artificial assistance, or to have divided the subject matter of their speeches into any given number of *squares*; but so far from this being any argument against my system, I conceive that it goes directly in its favour. Had *Fox* or *Pitt* enjoyed the advantages which it affords, great as their efforts were, there is little doubt but they would have proved incalculably greater; new images and important facts would have risen in greater abundance to their recollection, and their eloquence would have glittered with a more copious profusion of brilliant metaphors and sparkling illustrations. *Pitt*, instead of suggesting the *sinking fund*, might, at once, have proposed the *sponge*; and *Fox*, in

lieu of his plan for the abolition of the Slave Trade, would probably have substituted the *extirpation* of the sugar cane in the West India Islands, and obtained an Act of Parliament for the cultivation of *potatoes* in their place. In fact, it is impossible to ascertain how far the limits of knowledge might be extended, were the brain rendered capable of retaining every impression made upon it from our birth to our decease, vivid and distinct as they were at first imprinted—How many errors, if such an attainment were possible, would then be corrected?—the remembrance of the *overdose of pap* we received in infancy, would correct the temptations to *gluttony* in our maturer age, and a living reminiscence of the agonies of *teething* would enable us to endure the evils of advanced existence with fortitude and equanimity. That these and many similar advantages would accrue, there is not the shadow of doubt, and to secure them to the present generation is the object of my present exertions.

Many persons have also insisted that interference generally spoils what it was meant to assist, that no body ever thought of propping up the young trees in a nursery, or teaching a child to walk by putting it upon *crutches*; but this analogy is eminently fallacious—when, let me ask these theorists, did *Virtue* most triumphantly prevail in this Empire? was it not during the period of *stiff stays*? When was the line of demarcation most strictly drawn between the *gentleman* and the *Plebeian*? was it not during the reign of *cuffs, shirts, and buckram*; *crim. con.* has increased in precisely the same ratio that *quilted petticoats* have diminished, and *Clerks and Apprentices* have risen to the level of *gentry*, in exact proportion to the

curtailment of *waistcoats*, and the circumscription of *wigs*. Will any body venture to assert that a *corset* is the proper adjunct of *chastity*, or a *spencer* the true supporter of *nobility*? As well might they insist that the *cau medicinale* is not a remedy for the *gout*, or *Godbold's Vegetable Balsam* a specific in *consumption*.

But it is not merely propriety and decorum that would be consulted by a devotion to the cause of Memory; the world would be materially benefited in every other important respect; we should no longer be distressed by *gay deceivers* and *provoking coquettes*; *Lothario* would recollect that while he was paying his addresses to *Delia*, *Seraphina* was in lawful possession of his eternal constancy; nor would *Flirtilla* marry Mr. *Bramble*, after having exchanged pictures and promises with Mr. *Blackberry*; *Lords* would keep their words, and *Commoners* pay their debts.—*Apothecaries* would be impressed with the exact difference between *arsenic* and *magnesia*, and *Attornies* would shun perjury and malpractices; *people of quality*, and those who ape them, in giving two courses and a desert to sycophants and demireps, would remember that their Wine Merchant, their Butcher, and their Baker, remained unsatisfied, and that while they piqued themselves on the honours of fashionable pre-eminence, they were actually robbing Mr. *Bene-carlo* of his claret, and Mr. *Pork-chop* of his beef. Such, Ladies and Gentlemen, would be the inevitable consequences of the realization of my scheme.

Before I conclude this preliminary address, I shall beg leave to exhibit a few of my pupils, whose almost *miraculous* proficiency is the best proof of my skill and industry. This, Ladies and Gen-

tlemen, is *Miss Deborah Dual*, two years and three quarters old, the thirtieth of last February ; she is perfectly versed in the Greek declensions and conjugations, and would leave apple-pie and gooseberry-fool, for the superior enjoyments of nouns, verbs, and participles. This young gentleman, six years old in January, is the only hope of *Sir Andrew Azote*, the celebrated experimentalist, who a few weeks ago, blew his Cook-Maid out of the kitchen chimney, by an explosion of the *aurum fulminans*; nor is the son unworthy of such a father ; it is indifferent to him, so well is he grounded, whether you take him backwards or forwards in the *chemical nomenclature*. He is, indeed, perfect master of that important science, of which *Boyle* was in this country the parent. *Boyle*, the father of chemistry, and the brother of *Lord Corke* ! This promising youth, *Master Henry Hengist*, is a complete autocrat of History, sacred and profane ; he can tell you the exact length of a Druid's beard, and knows to a turn, how much *Alfred's* cake was overbaked on the griddle. I could bring forward many more prodigies of this description, but sufficient has, I trust, been exhibited, to prove the wonders of my art.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, it only remains for me to demonstrate to you, by a short experiment, the practical efficacy of Mnemonics, in the essential service of *domestic economy*. I will suppose a wife, after breakfast, giving a few commissions to her husband, who is preparing to go into town. "My dear," or "my life," or "my love," I will imagine her to say, "our sole were ruined yesterday, for want of a proper frying pan ; you will, there-

fore, bespeak one, and send home besides, a pair of bellows and a salt box ; call at the Tailor's about Johny's breeches, and tell the Butcher, if mutton is reasonable, to send me a nice loin, but to cut out a good deal of the suet, as I find it more advantageous to purchase good mould candles, than to make bad ones, which cost as much." In the common course of things, these memoranda would be probably taken down on the back of a letter, and executed by the common place process of reference ; but according to my system, the gentleman, instead of going about his business, should replace his hat upon the peg, sit down in his study, and divide his faithful partner's injunctions into a number of departments, suppose four : Let us call number one the *Tower of Babel* ; number two *Lower Exchange-street* ; number three *Mount Parnassus* ; and number four *Trinity College* ; he will then, to impress strongly on his recollection the person whose requests he is enjoined to fulfil, of course station his wife in the *Tower of Babel*, a place remarkable for much talking a variety of dialects and a quantity of bad language, which cannot fail to recal to him, what it is so essential to him to remember—The *Frying Pan*, the *Bellows* and the *Salt Box*, he will deposit in *Lower Exchange-street*, a situation remarkable for the residence of a hardware man, called *Cheap John*, who greets his customers with the welcome salutation "five shillings every where else, one and eight pence with me." *Johnny's Breeches* he will hang upon *Mount Parnassus*, celebrated for the want of that article amongst the population who live on its lower slopes, and in its inferior suburbs. In the same way the *loin of mutton* will

find its niche in the *University*; the spot of all others where it is consumed in the largest quantities, and with the most persevering voracity. Having employed himself in this manner for *only an hour and three quarters*, I will venture to assert that no man of common sense will forget a single item of the most complicated commission, or disappoint his family in the minutest particular; and when we consider, Ladies and Gentlemen, the snubs, scoldings, pouts and frowns, that married men endure, for neglects

and omissions of this nature, I am sure *they* at least will adopt a system so perfectly calculated to dispel sullenness, and abridge curtain lectures.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, having explained my Theory, exhibited my Pupils, and afforded a practical illustration of the superior efficacy of the science of *mnemonics*, I shall only add that my course will take place the first of April next, when I shall look confidently for your countenance and contributions.

To "WILL-O'-THE-WISP," Esq.

DEAR WILL,

THOU art certainly a most extraordinary meteor. On thy first appearance thou didst shine with a light so agreeable and *useful*, that I willingly committed my parts of speech to thy guidance, hoping that thou wouldst lead me dry-shod through the *bogs of Hibernicism* without my brogues, and hang a light on the horns of every bull, which might show him in his proper colours; but, after sparkling a while, thou hast churlishly hid thy candle under a bushel, thy radiance having expired in blue blazes:

"I lack thy rays,

"To guide me thro' the wordy maze."

I would, therefore, entreat thee to illumine our horizon once again; not to go off in a vapour, but to continue a monthly luminary of our hemisphere. *Robin Good-fellow*, *Good-man Puck*, and other sparks of our acquaintance, are quite in the dark since thou hast vanished. Thy kinsman, *Friar Rush*, burns with desire to smoke a pipe with thee at the "Museum." Therefore, dear "WILL-O'-THE-WISP," shine forth again, and, by so doing, you will much oblige your ardent friend,

JACK-O'-THE-LANTHORN.

Lighthouse on the Bog of Allen,
March 27.

CURIOUS GAME AT CHESS.

We have been favoured with the following little anecdote by a gentleman just arrived from India:

"In a small book received by the last ship before I left Bengal, I met with the following on chess, which is denominated the Persian game. I have formed a simple relation of it in a ballad,* and send it to you in hopes it may prove interesting to your readers.

* See our Poetry, page 382.

Two Persians had engaged in such deep play that the whole fortune of one of them was gained by his opponent. He who played the white was the ruined man, and, made desperate by his loss, he offered his favourite wife as his last stake. The white has the move, or he would have been checkmated by the next. The lady, who had observed the game from a window above, cried out to her husband in

a voice of despair, to sacrifice his castle and save his wife. For the entertainment of your readers who are chess players, I have subjoined the situation of the game, which being ingeniously constructed may afford them some gratification, will explain the circumstances, and perhaps, heighten the relish of the story. It may be sufficient to inform those who are unskilled in this delightful exercise of the intellect, that by an unexpected movement in the game, occasioned by the sacrifice of a piece called the castle, the decision turns in favour of the party

whose game appeared irrecoverable.

Situation of the Game.

BLACK.

King at queen's knight's square,
Queen at king's knight's second square,
Castle at king's, knight's square,
Castle at queen's knight's seventh square.

WHITE.

King at his castle's fourth square,
Queen's castle at his own second,
King's bishop at his king's fourth,
Queen's knight's pawn at his own sixth,
Queen's bishop's pawn at his own sixth,

White moves, and by sacrificing his castle to his opponent's king, and then advancing his queen's bishop's pawn, gives check-mate.

THE SELECTOR—No. III.

MATRIMONIAL CREED.

WHOEVER will be married, before all things, it is necessary that he hold the conjugal faith, and the conjugal faith is this: that there were two rational beings created, both equal, and yet the one superior to the other, and the inferior shall have rule over the superior; which faith, except every one keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall be scolded at everlastingly.

The man is superior to the woman, and the woman inferior to the man, yet both are equal, and the woman shall govern the man.

The woman is commanded to obey the man, and the man ought to obey the woman.

And yet there are not two obediences, but one obedient.

For there is one dominion nominal of the husband, and another dominion real of the wife.

And yet there are not two dominions, but one dominion.

For, like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge, that wives must submit themselves to their husbands, and be subject to them in all things;

So are we forbidden, in the conjugal faith, to say that they should be at all influenced by these rules, or pay regard to these commands.

The man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man.

Yet the man shall be the slave of the woman, and the woman the ruler of the man.

So that in all things, as aforesaid, the subjection of the superior to the inferior is to be believed.

He, therefore, that is to be married, must thus think of the woman and the man.

Furthermore it is necessary to submissive matrimony, that he believe rightly the infallibility of the wife.

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess that the wife is fallible and infallible.

Perfectly fallible and perfectly infallible, of an erring soul and unerring mind subsisting, fallible as touching her human nature, and infallible as touching her female sex.

Who, although she be fallible and infallible, yet she is not two, but one woman, who submitted to

lawful marriage to acquire unlawful dominion, and promised religiously to obey, that she might rule with uncontrollable sway.

This is the conjugal faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be married.

EPITAPHIUM CHYMICUM.

The following epitaph is on a celebrated chymist of the seventeenth century, who was contemporary with, and an intimate friend of, the philosophic Boyle. It may prove interesting to most of our chymical readers to see an inscription on the first English maker of phosphorus. It will be observed with a smile that every sentence contains two or three chymical operations and terms, admirably adapted to the situation of the entombed Godfrey. Soon after the discovery of phosphorus he left England, and, on his travels, for some years supplied the greater part of Europe with it.

Here lieth to digest, macerate and amalgamate with clay,
in Balneo Arenæ, stratum super stratum, the residuum,
terra damnata et caput mortuum,
of Boyle Godfrey, chymist and M.D.
A man who in this earthly laboratory
pursued various processes to obtain
Arcanum vitæ, also
Anrum vitæ, or the art of getting,
rather than making, gold.

Alchymist like,
All his labour and projection like mercury in the fire, evaporated in fumo.
When he dissolved to his first principles, he departed as poor as the last drops of an Alembic.

For riches are not poured on the adepts of this world.
Full seventy years his exalted essence was hermetically sealed in its
terrene matrass;

But the radical moisture being exhausted, the Elixir vitæ spent, and exhausted to a cunicle, he could not suspend longer in his vehicle, but precipitated gradatim per campanam, to his original dust.

May that light,
Brighter than Bolognian phosphorus,

preserve him from the Athanor,
empyreuma, and reverberatory
Furnace of the other world;
Depurate him from the faces & Scorice
of this; highly rectify and volatilise
His æthereal spirit, bring it over the helm
Of the retort of this globe, and place it
In a proper recipient or chrysaline orb
Among the elect of the flowers of
Benjamin; never to be
saturated till the general resuscitation,
deflagration, calcination, and
sublimation of all things.

QUERIES FOR CORRESPONDENTS TO ANSWER.

To Men skilled in the Arts and Sciences.

Why is the plant *sage*, which is synonymous with a philosopher, be employed as stuffing for a goose, which is synonymous with a fool?

Should a *dancing-master* meet a *metaphysician* in a narrow path, which ought to give way?

Whether is a *child's caul* or a *chain-pump* most to be depended on in a voyage to India, to keep the ship from foundering? The *Times* lately advertised one of the former to be sold for twenty guineas, as "a certain preventative against sinking at sea."

To Philologists.

Why is an applewoman's bench, and the seat of a dignified clergyman in the choir, called by the same name—a *stall*?

Since the stocks are the reward of roguery, how came the word to be applied to that by which the gentlemen of the Alley make fortunes? And, as the Stocks are always fluctuating, how happens it that we say *stock-still*?

To Moral Philosophers.

Is not that a prejudice which holds it more criminal in a man to lie to his wife than with her.

Many men make false money, and money makes many men false.

Receipt to prevent a coxcomb from simpering.—knock out his front tooth.

Poetry.

REASON AND SUPERSTITION,
A VISION.

As once, enwrap'd in thought, and musing sad
On all the ills which haunt the human kind,
When Superstition, in her terrors clad,
Reigns gloomy tyrant o'er the darken'd mind,
A dewy slumber o'er my senses stole,
Then Reason's throne did sportive fancy fill;
To her fantastic power the yielding soul
Was all submitted, whilst her plastic skill
Those visionary scenes, in turn, displays,
Which prompt the lowly Muse her artless song to raise.

Methought, a boundless prospect rose in view,
Where, all in native lustre, nature shone,
The countless beauties o'er the landscape thrown;
There green-cloth'd hills, with gentle slope, ascend,
And o'er the deepening valleys, exalt their pride;
Here verdant plains their level length extend;
There cascades break, here purling streamlets glide;
Of purest azure is the cloudless sky,
And scattering sweet perfumes, each breeze which rustles by.

The teeming earth a bounteous harvest yields,
The loaded branch a rich desert bestows,
Now blithesome sickles bare the yellow fields,
From bursting grapes the balmy nectar flows;
Pure pleasure beams from every rustic's eye,
And paints, with brighter hue, his ruddy cheek,
His cheerful smiles are born of grateful joy,
And in the language pure of nature speak,
That glowing homage which ascends to Heaven,
And calls down brighter boons, where praise so sweet is given.

In silent rapture, long the scene I view'd,
At length, in tones of extasy, I cried—
How vast thy bounty, Parent of all good!
Thy creatures' every want how well supplied!
Thou scatterest blessings with unsparring hands,
And dost the pow'r of tasting all impart,
Then should our breath with general warmth expand,
The sweetest offering is a joyful thank.
What tender father but exults to see
His children wrapt in bliss—from pain and sorrow free!

Whilst thoughts like these employ'd my raptur'd soul,
A frightful spectre suddenly appear'd,
Her sunken eyes in anguish seem'd to roll,
Her shrivell'd skin with her own blood was smear'd.
A whip of scorpions in her hand she bore,
Which oft she brandish'd, with a threatening look.
The sun's enlivening beams are seen no more,
The smiling verdure every grove forsook:
All nature fades upon the darken'd sight,
And Chaos seems return'd to claim his ancient right.

A dusky glimmering light but serves to shew
The mingled horrors glooming all around,
On every side are utter'd shrieks of woe,
And dismal howlings thro' the air resound.
From blighted branches many a corpse depends,
The parched earth is pav'd with human bones,
To view the pangs, and hear the dying groans
Of wretches, writhing 'neath the scourging rod
Of fends, who bathe in blood the altars of the God.

Whilst scenes so dreadful half congel'd my blood,
And trembling terror all my soul possess'd,
By the pale Sovereign of this drear globe,
In hollow accents, was I thus address'd—
Unthinking wretch, in me thy Guardian view,
When, hur'd by pleasure, thou didst tottering stand
On ruin's brink, nor yet thy peril knew,
By pity moved, I stretch'd a saving hand.
Then bid the world's pernicious charms farewell,
And, in this sacred vale, with me and sorrow dwell.

VOL. I.

Here thou shalt learn the surest path to Heaven,
Here cease all earthly cares thy peace annoy;
Far from thy breast be foolish pleasures driven,
And banish'd every fondly cherish'd joy.
Here must thou smart beneath the chastening rod;
Thy days, thy nights, consume'd in sighs and tears,
The voice of joy offends a jealous God,
But sorrow's moan is music in his ears;
The life of man, a mirror's lust of woe,
And misery, pain, and death, the lot of all below.

This frightful picture so my soul dismay'd,
That spurning life, since robb'd of all its charms,
I call impatiently on Death, for aid,
And fly already to his peaceful arms;
When, lo! my dazzled eyes afar beheld
A radiant female form, at whose advance,
The dismal horrors of the scene dissolv'd,
And Nature waken'd from her deathful trance;
The fields, the groves, regain their wonted green,
And joy and mirth again sport o'er the smiling scene.

And now the Goddess, who'd such bliss restor'd,
In all her splendid majesty appears,
And me addressing, thus she gently pour'd
Her balmy accents, in my ravis'd ears—
"Poor Mortal!—let thy gloomy terrors cease,
And let returning joy thy breast pervade,
I come to lead thee to the paths of peace,
From which, decoy'd by error, far thou'st stray'd,
In whose bewild'ring mazes myriads wind
Their steps in search of bliss, and only misery find.

My name is Reason, and the power accurst
From whom I've freed thee, Superstition's call'd.
The child of Ignorance, in darkness nurs'd,
Even Heaven itself is at her name appeal'd.
Parent of Misery, her handmaids are
Ever weeping Sorrow, and pale trembling Fear;
Her guide's Credulity, and wan Despair
With steps unequal, follows in her rear;
And Death and Desolation joyful raise
Their voices high, to shout their friend and parent's praise.

Within her breast the deadliest vices blend,
Whilst from it far each milder virtue's driven,
And yet this hideous monster dares pretend,
Tho' sprung from Hell, to point the path to Heaven.
Her hapless votaries by her are told,
That dreary watchings, fastings, tears, and sighs,
Alone can loose them from destruction's hold,
Alone can raise them to the joyful skies.
Deluded wretch, has heaven then design'd
Its blessings but as snares, to lure and ruin mankind.

Whilst Nature's countless offspring all are blest,
In what her fond maternal cares provide,
Shall man alone, most favour'd, most caress'd,
Reject her proffer'd boons with sullen pride;
When Bliss, with evening smile, invites his stay,
Must he impatient speed where Misery hours;
And madly rush thro' Sorrow's thorny way,
When Joy would strew his smoother path with flowers!
Superior Wisdom than he boasts in vain,
Forsaking Pleasure's charms, to wed with hideous Pain.

The varied blessing flowing fast from Heaven,
The Fool may soxolas or superfluous deem,
The Sage rejoices that to him 'tis given,
To quaff the waters of so pure a stream,
He knows, he feels his bosom was designed
To glow with happiness' celestial flame,
That whoso'er Reflection turns, 'twill find
Enjoyment and Obedience are the same.
The Goddess can't, and sudden disappears,
And waking, still her words seem'd echoing in my ears.

P. D.

REDMOND.—A TALE.

Heroic deeds with two-fold force inspire
The rising flag with poetic fire,
Make the warm breast with double ardor glow,
To sing of armies and their overthrow,
While parting pity melted at the secret,
And those laurel crowns with evergreen;
I seek not thus the glory of a name—
Let valour's minions swell the trump of fame.
In truth's dull walk—the gloomy cypress shade,
Where laurel never blooms, or blooms to fade,
Where youthful joy is blasted ere its prime,
Like blighted roses in an adverse clime,
In life's dull walk I've ta'en my humble seat,
Will thou, Oh Th—, unto her calm retreat
Attend the Muse, her double far vite you,
At once the Poet and the Painter too.
In a lone Alley, far retir'd from noise,
Save the loud clamor of unruly boys,
And the dull amusements of the shuttle's throw,
That seem'd an echo to the bed of woe,
Young Redmond lived—to early sorrow born,
Hope's languid sunbeams scarce illum'd his morn,
And, like his pallid cheek, the sickly ray,
'Was but the hectic of the passing day,
Yet in his manly features, you could trace
The presage of his soul within his face,
Those latent feelings, which his station rude
And destiny had hid, but not subdued;
Early in life, to ply the artist's trade,
He left his father's roof and native shade,
For such to him it was, tho' girt with woe,
The centre of his happiness below.
Maternal kindness had endear'd the spot,
Life's first enchantment, ne'er to be forgot,
And now remembrance hangs, with fond delight,
Upon the dreary past, the cheerless sight,
Till retrospection strews the path with flow'rs,
And fancy revels in her fairy bow'rs.
Another pang he vainly strove to hide,
Thenceforward rose—for Ruth—his destin'd bride,
Born the same hour, and to an equal doom,
Was now just blending into beauty's bloom,
That languid bloom which stunted nature shows,
In the wild lily and the briar rose,
Mild was the eye that beam'd upon his heart,
But love submits to fate, and they must part;
Ah, who the lovers' mingled thoughts can tell,
When soften'd beauty sighs the kind farewell,
Like music's voice, it breaths upon the ear,
Solomon and David to the beam dear—
Pensive no more, with joyous soul elate,
He moves in air, nor shudders at his fate.
Seven tedious years, in love's romantic mind,
Shrink to a minute, by fond hope defin'd;
New busy scenes, and looks and language stern,
Engage his thoughts, for he has much to learn,
Hardly he struggles to obtain his end,
To please his master and to gain a friend.
But time rolls on, and no gay prospects rise,
To soften labor, or to calm his sighs,
He heaves—but hope deferr'd, like venom'd dart,
Corrodes and rankles in the feeling heart;
Who can describe the tortur'd mind's excess,
When endless horrors round existence press?
Few are the steps that lead to ill—he fell
An easy victim to the snares of Hell.
Lur'd by false friends, and friends are found like these,
In every walk, the guileless heart to seize,
Friends whose inhuman kindness can enjoy
The soul's distress, and smile but to destroy,
When the most where social pleasure reigns,
And drag their victim in affliction's chains—
In riot and debauch the night was past,
That seal'd his doom—the morning beam'd at last,
But ah! to him in vain the day-spring broke,
Or nature from her awful slumber woke.
Oppress'd and sorrowful, he knew of naught
But the dread poison which had banish'd thought,
Rous'd into madness, the insulting crew,
With taunting ribaldry his sufferings view.
A soldier's name in Redmond's powerful ear
Was death and terror, more than man could bear,
Yet such the destiny that rules our fate,
From present life we fly to what we hate.
Ask where he has—go search among the slain—
He brough't his last on Talavera's plain.
The lofty verse that sang the battle's rage,
Forgot his sorrow in the pompous page—

And lo! that poor and wretched one behold,
Detested victim to seductive gold,
'Tis hapless Ruth—in vain she strives to crawl,
Along the path to pension'd hospital:
Life's shatter'd threads no longer can sustain
The mental anguish and the body's pain—
Did Redmond's image float before her sight,
Ere the soul sunk invol'd in endless night!

J. R.

DIRGE, AFTER SHIPWRECK.

Now sinks the stately ship; ah there,
No Brutswain's voice, no Master's care,
To duty calls the gallant crew!
"All hands aloft!"—she's broaching to!
But now 'tis past;
Alone the mast,
Its head above the wave can show;
No Comrades dear
My voice can hear,
For they're in Neptune's caves below.
The crowd, admiring on the shore,
Shall view her pointed sides no more;
Nor, like a swan, in stately pride,
Shall she again the billows ride.
Ah no! ah no!
The fiend of woe,
Just rais'd from Pluto's caves his head,
Then brandish'd dire,
His torch of fire,
And horrid thro' the waves he fled.
And now the Tritons all attend,
Their friendly guiding aid to lend;
Their pearl-encas'd couch they reach,
And wait me safely to the beach.
For Tritons all
Adore the squall,
That bids us through their waves to go;
And joy'd are they,
To lead away,
Hibernia's sons from caves below.

N.

CHESS*.

Where the stream of Solofrena
Winds along the silent vale;
Where the palm trees softly murmur,
Waving to the gentle gale.
By the myrtle-woven windows
Of an old romantic seat,
Sat at chess two noble Persians,
Shelter'd from the scorching heat.
Here, with beating breast, Alkanor
View'd the deep, eventful play,
There with black o'er-arching eye-brows
Sat the Caliph Mahmud Bey.
But with wary eye the Persian
Marks each passion of the heart;
And the gallant, brave Alkanor
Yields, a victim to his art.
Soon his ancient store of treasures,
Seen his wealth and wide domain,
Soon the glories of his fathers,
Fall—the crafty Caliph's gain.
Now he maddens as the lion
Raging thro' the desert grove;
Now with deep'ning casts he pledges
Zaida's beauties, Zaida's love.
Mahmud Bey the offer seizes,
Triumph glitters in his eyes.
Ah! rash youth, that thou had'st never
Dar'd to risk so fair a prize!
For impending ruin threatens
To devote thy hapless love;
But! what parting accents issue
From the lattice'd height above!
"Is the beautiful Zaida crying,
Half distracted—" on my life,
To thy foe-concede thy cause,
And from death preserve thy wife."

* See page 379.

The Drama.

DRAMATIC STRICTURES.

THEATRE-ROYAL.

OUR first duty is to redeem our pledge of last month, respecting the merits of the new Irish Tragedy. In doing so, we feel a melancholy pleasure in having our judgment unshackled by any prior adjudication. It might have been expected, that in a work, the production of a native, such a display of national feeling would have burst forth, as might not only have given an undue lustre to its merits, but have veiled its lighter defects. If its merits were such as to expose it wholly to censures of minor importance, and we are convinced that on a fair trial they will prove so, if it can be accused principally of those minor failings, "*quas parum cavit natura humana*," we had that reliance on the warm feelings of our countrymen, that they would have carried it unhurt through the ordeal of public inquisition, that borne on the wings of popular favour, it would be permitted to touch the test of truth but lightly. This hope has not been fulfilled—of the causes of our disappointment we shall speak hereafter; at present we have only to congratulate ourselves, that its failure has exonerated us from the painful exertion necessary to speak the truth, in contradiction to public sentiment. The play has appeared, been judged, and stood upon its own merit. It has been received, if not with bursts of popular sentiment, at least with the sympathy of tears—if it has not gained over the tongues of all who saw it, it has commanded the hearts of those who feel, and it has obtained this strong, though silent, suffrage, in despite of the disad-

vantage of having been introduced to the public by actors, few of whom could appreciate, still fewer could give expression to its merits. Much outcry has been raised against the managers of our theatre, whoever they be (for in the present state of scenic policy, it is hard to say who is the minister of the day, or how long he shall sway the staff of office) for not encouraging Irish genius, by introducing Irish pieces on the stage; but unless he also affords the means of allowing their merits and their faults to be fairly scanned, unless his Theatre be provided with actors of talent, sufficient to understand the poet, and to give expression to his thoughts, the rejection of a composition is the happiest event to its author. If his genius be extinguished by neglect, he has, at least, the consolation of reflecting, that his writings are not degraded by a representation almost bordering on burlesque.

In using these strong terms, with respect to the persons into whose hands this Tragedy has been intrusted, we do not wish to include all in one sweeping sentence of condemnation. To the merits of Miss O'Neil we give our most hearty tribute of approbation. Where she failed, her failures were those of inexperience: where she succeeded, it was the success of native talent. Particular passages might be deficient in effect; the whole together proved that she understood her part. Indeed, upon her rested the principal interest of the piece. The character, a fond believing wife, is old; Otway has already exhibited it in beauti-

ful colours: but the situation in which she is placed is altogether novel. It is a case new to the public, yet of such interest, pressing so home on the feelings and observation of every spectator, that the poet who invents, and the actress who personifies the character, lay just claim to every merit of originality. Miss O'Neil looked the character, and was the character. The expression of playful innocence on her first entrance; her apprehensions at the first detection of an intimacy with Lunenburg, checked by her secret consciousness that their union was sanctioned by virtue; her subsequent yielding to her supposed husband's proposal of an elopement, all rose in effect. The several gradations of the innocent girl, the suspected woman, and the persecuted wife flying for refuge to a husband's arms, were new; yet they would have been beautiful, even though ungilded by the grace of novelty. But we would rest the character of the poet and the performer on the scene in which the treacherous lover discloses his villainy. Disbelief, doubt, apprehension, horror, despair, this gradual climax, from the first shade of suspicion to the blackness of ascertained ruin, were written and spoken in the true expression of nature. Two passages in this scene must have felt a sympathetic vibration in every heart of feeling. The one, where, after many questions, she turns to her guilty lover, who has not yet the audacity to reveal the full extent of his crime, and speaks in the true tone of anguish excited, yet struggling to be repressed, "Nay now you mock me," (we quote from memory,) and the other, where, in return to his professions of eternal love and con-

stancy, she interrupts him with this exclamation, "Am I your wife?" This is the unadorned language of real passion, and Miss O'Neil gave it its full effect.

Such are some of the merits of this piece, not, however, unclouded by defects. Among these, the principal is the want of sufficient interest to carry the auditor through five acts. Hence it is that the last act is solely occupied in an exhibition of the deaths of the two offending parties; for offenders, in the eyes of rigid justice, we must stifle both the husband who would deceive his wife, and the daughter who would desert her parents. There appears also, in some of the expressions, a tendency to the bombast of the German School, almost bordering on profaneness. In a few of the impassioned speeches of Count Lunenburgh also, metaphor and declamation seem to have usurped the place of feeling. On this point, however, we speak with diffidence. The oracles of Apollo himself would have been uninteresting, had they been delivered to his votaries, through the medium of a wooden image. Of the other performers we would say nothing: they do, no doubt, the best they can. One, however, we must be under the painful necessity of drawing into a publicity, for which neither nature nor address intended him. We are compelled to do it, not on his account, but on that of the Dublin stage. We would ask the Managers, whoever they are, of this Theatre, a Theatre that ought to be next in rank and dramatic importance to those of London, why it is that the part of Albert, a gentleman and a soldier, whom the poet has honoured with the dignified post of avenger of his sister's

dishonour—why is it that such a part was entrusted to a Mr. Neville, a performer, whose qualifications for such a part, either as to appearance, air, delivery, gesture, or look, were they to be marked in the scale of dramatic merit by a cypher, would obtain a station far beyond their merits? It can be attributed only to the same cause that has reduced the Managers to have recourse to the private Theatres of the city, for spouters to support John Kemble; the same cause which has since prevented Charles Kemble from appearing in some of his best characters, for want of performers to fill the other parts. It is painful to censure where we wish to praise; but when an outcry is raised against the want of encouragement bestowed on native merit, when a Dublin audience, the most favourable that ever sat in judgment on an author's or an actor's merit, is censured for want of taste, for being led by fashion rather than feeling, it becomes our duty to investigate and to speak the truth. We are certain, that if proper attention were paid to the selection of performers, and to the due regulation of the minor parts of scenic representation*, the finest dramatic compositions in the language would no longer be played to empty benches.

The same causes which have urged us to use such strong expressions with respect to the general economy of the stage, oblige us also to hesitate in forming a positive opinion on the merits of that part of the Kemble family now performing here. An actor of acknowledged first rate ability, such as John Kemble, Cooke, or

Kean, conscious of transcendent excellence, may rest proudly on his individual merits; he feels himself set upon an elevated post of honour, and considers the other performers only as figures to grace his pedestal, on whom the public eye may occasionally glance, equally thoughtless of their merits or defects; but one who has not yet attained that envied height must be sensible, that the effect of his acting is, in a great degree, connected with that of the other performers; he feels, that though a prominent figure, he is still but one among a group, and that the harmony of the whole is required to give due effect to his appearance. Hence must arise a diffidence in himself, from considering that his powers are viewed as if cramped and distorted by the awkward movements of those around him, and such a diffidence must be unfavourable to his exertions*. Another reason for which

* What must have been Mr. K.'s sensations when, at the close of his impassioned scene with Ophelia, he found the door fastened against his exit. Hamlet, however, may well excuse an accident, which befel him in common with his father's ghost. Certainly the texture of spiritual beings must be composed of a different substance now-a-days, than when they could "slip through a keyhole, without jostling against one of the wards," or else, what appears to us more probable in this age of refinement, they have improved very much in the science of good-breeding. Hamlet's ghost, being one of the old school, was, doubtless, unacquainted with this change of fashion. He thought, we suppose, that he might dash through any door, particularly in his own house, without saying "by your leave." But things are altered now; not even a husband can presume to enter his bedchamber, without the preparatory proviso of a knock at the door. This old fashioned spectre will, no doubt, be more circumspect in his behaviour on his next appearance, as we have reason to think, that this lesson of modern politeness

* We allude particularly to the management of the Scenery, which is shamefully defective.

we decline speaking more largely on this point, has been already hinted at, namely, his disappointment in not coming forward in his favourite characters.

Mrs. C. Kemble has many of the requisites of a comic actress; lively expression of countenance, a quick eye, animated gesture, a well-toned voice, all conspire to fit her for the line of acting she has adopted. Where so much is excellent, shall we venture to point out a defect? we cannot but wish she would endeavour to shake off an awkward twist of the shoulders, which now and then offends the spectator. It may do well in the Hoyden; but we would rather she would fail in this particular when acting the Hoyden, than run the risk of inadvertently transferring such a turn into the movements of a gentlewoman. She is also sometimes, though but sometimes, rather broad in her comic acting.

THE London Theatre has been enriched by the engagement of Mr. Kean, a performer whose talents, if we are to judge of them by the criterion of public fame, even surpasses those of the great leaders of tragedy whom we have so long admired. The receipts of the house, on the nights of his representation of Richard III. have exceeded even those of Kemble or Cooke. As it is our intention to take an early opportunity of introducing this dramatic personage to public notice, and more particu-

larly, as his appearance here will soon furnish us with a juster test of his real abilities, we decline dwelling longer on the subject at present.

larly, as his appearance here will soon furnish us with a juster test of his real abilities, we decline dwelling longer on the subject at present.

We have also to notice an improvement relative to the machinery of the supernatural beings in the play now spoken of, introduced into the London Theatres, and which we shall gladly hear of being imitated here. Instead of raising them through a trap door, or making them stalk across the stage, distinguished from their former selves only by a greater solemnity of step and rigidity of action, they are now made to pass across the back part of the stage, half concealed behind a kind of aerial scenery, which makes them nearly correspond with our ideas of what such beings would appear, if exhibited to ourselves. Such delusions add more to the effect of fine acting than we are aware of. They give a reality to the circumstances in which the performer is placed, that reflects the same appearance of truth on his expressions, and thus encourages him to deliver the sentiments of the poet with greater confidence, and induces us to give him greater credit for the truth of the picture he exhibits.

The want of dramatic entertainment, which the Public conceive they have a right to expect, has been lately supplied by Concerts. The encouragement bestowed upon these is, perhaps, the best test of their merit.

We are prevented from dwelling longer on the deficiencies of the Theatre as now regulated, by having received information, from a quarter we can depend on, that a Theatre will shortly be erected in this city, calculated to destroy the monopoly that has so long been, as it were, an incubus on the public mind, and will allow the talent of the actor, and the taste of the spectator, to range, unshackled by those bonds, by which they never should have been restricted.

cost him a bloody nose—Alas poor ghost!!! We suppose that the change in the ghost's dress is also an improvement, designed to exhibit the dress-maker's skill in chymistry; the dun coppercoloured tinge of his armour being doubtlessly intended to convey an idea of the effect produced by the sulphurous flames which he had just escaped from, and to which he was so soon to return.

Monthly Register.

RETROSPECT OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE,

(Continued from page 321.)

Monthly Museum Office, 29th March, 1814.

In the mean time the Crown Prince of Sweden had proceeded into Hanover for the purpose of restoring the Government and of opening the navigation of the Weser and the Ems to British commerce; although he soon accomplished the object for the attainment of which he had withdrawn his army from the main body of the allies, yet he did not then proceed towards the Rhine, either for the purpose of entering into Holland or of invading France. There were several causes for the determination of the Crown Prince not to advance towards the Rhine, though all the motives which influenced his conduct were not avowed by himself, nor disclosed by the allies, to whom his real sentiments were not unknown. All that time Marshal Davoust commanded a formidable force, consisting of veteran French troops, and some thousands of the best part of the Danish army. This combined army amounting to 40,000 men, was too formidable to be opposed by General Walmoden's Corps, and, it was seen that if the Crown Prince should withdraw his troops from Hanover, there would be no force in the north of Germany, even after the capitulation of Dresden, capable of resisting the French Marshal. The policy, therefore, of making an effort to annihilate the French force on the north of the Elbe, or of so far reducing the strength of Davoust's army, as to render it incapable of attempting offensive operations, became obvious, and the general interests of the allies relieved the Crown Prince of Sweden from the avowal of his real sentiments on the projects of the confederated sovereigns, when they determined to cross the Rhine.

His views never extended beyond such measures as might liberate Germany from the influence of France, or prevent the recurrence of such an ascendancy; and therefore he was averse to the overthrow of that new dynasty, to which he had been indebted for his own elevated rank and his adoption into the royal families of Europe. His

sentiments, however, were never officially disclosed by himself, but as if his silence on such an important topic might not be considered as an acquiescence in the views of the confederated sovereigns, a number of publications, under the titles of Swedish Bulletins, were circulated through Europe, in which the skill and talents of Bonaparte were undervalued—his military career stigmatized—his government branded with charges of cruelty, ambition, and despotism—his person denounced, and the people of France invited to join the allies in their efforts to overthrow his throne. Those publications however were formally disclaimed by the Swedish minister, resident in London, who declared in the public Journals, that the Bulletin which the Crown Prince issued from his head quarters at Heuleon, on the 12th of February, 1814, when some of his Troops crossed the Rhine, and which unequivocally stated that the advance of his army had no other object than to force the French Government to acknowledge the independence of Germany was a genuine document, and that the other Bulletins were forgeries.

Such were the views which the Crown Prince entertained, when he proceeded towards the Elbe, after having restored the former government of Hanover, instead of marching towards the Rhine; but the urgent necessity which existed to secure the rear of the allied armies, and which justified the separation of his force from the troops that were preparing to invade France, relieved him from the duty, which he owed to the nation that adopted him, to Europe whose fate depended partly on his conduct, and to his own character for wisdom or honor, of making an explicit avowal of his sentiments.

About the commencement of October, 1813, Marshal Davoust took post on the Stecknetz. Having erected batteries which commanded all the fords, and having strengthened his line with entrenchments, he continued until December, to occupy this formidable posi-

tion, which protected Hamburg and Lubeck, and the fertile provinces of Holstein and Jutland, while his force threatened the north of Germany if a favourable opportunity should occur for incursion, either into Swedish Pomerania, or into the Prussian states. The arrival however, of the Crown Prince with about 60,000 troops, compelled Marshal Davoust to evacuate his position, the Danes falling back upon Lubeck, while the French retreated towards Hamburg. The Crown Prince crossed the Stricknetz on the 4th of December, and a division of his army was pushed forward to prevent the junction again of the Danish and French troops. The object was completely accomplished, and the Danes were forced to evacuate Lubeck and retreat to the Eyder. They concentrated near Rendsberg and a battle ensued, in which the allies were completely successful.—An armistice followed and, after a short negotiation, which was accelerated by the fall of some of the principal fortresses of Holstein, a peace was concluded between Denmark and Sweden with the concurrence and participation of England.

The treaty of peace was particularly favourable to the commercial interests of England, and the attainment of it, under the sanction of the great powers of Germany, was more than a compensation for the subsidies that had been paid to the Crown Prince of Sweden, and for the subsidy stipulated to be granted to Denmark. It secured to England the market of the north of Germany for English manufactures and produce, which, by this treaty, were allowed to be imported into Stralsund (which from the ratification of the treaty) should be considered as a depot on the payment of so small a duty as one per Cent. on the value of the goods. Such a treaty, made by one independent state with another, is unprecedented, and it should be considered as a nominal acknowledgement of the existence of a seigniorial right in Denmark—as a kind of a quit-rent to the Danish Crown, for the tenure of a valuable fief—as a kind of homage, honorary, but not beneficial, and as a kind of a ceremonial, which common policy required, rather than as an equivalent for an important grant, or as a stipulation founded on mutual advantages! There was another article, by which Denmark consented to abolish the slave trade. That article, which was founded on commercial cupidity, and not on the

refined feelings of a sublime morality, must prove highly advantageous to the British West India merchants, because whenever England shall consent to restore any of the islands to their former possessors, the means of conveying thither supplies of negroes from the coast of Africa, will be so far diminished, and the power of any rival so far lessened by the difficulty of procuring slaves.

Marshal Davoust, who had retired to Hamburg, took every precaution which might enable him to sustain a long siege, but his fidelity to his imperial master, and his resolution to defend the city to the utmost of his power, were tarnished by an act of severity, unparalleled in either ancient or modern times. On the 18th of December, he issued a proclamation, by which every person, who had not laid in a store of provisions sufficient for the consumption of six months, was to depart from the city within 48 hours after the promulgation of the notice.

He likewise ordered that every person who had not been born in the city should depart on the 20th, without any distinction of rank, wealth, age, or infirmity. Under the operation of those two edicts about 27,000 persons were compelled to leave Hamburg, and many of those miserable exiles were obliged to rely on the besiegers for as much food as would sustain life.

Although the Danes had been forced to sue for peace, and although a considerable part of the Crown Prince's army was rendered disposable for any service, still the city of Hamburg was not regularly besieged. The season of the year rendered regular approaches impossible, and the situation of the allies in France and Holland, requiring reinforcements and reserves, compelled the Crown Prince to send so considerable a part of his army towards the Rhine, that the troops which remained on the north bank of the Elbe, were merely sufficient to blockade the city, and to prevent the French from making incursions into the adjacent territory.

In the mean time several of the fortresses in Germany occupied by the French surrendered.—On the 5th December 1813, Stettin surrendered.—On the 2d January, 1814, Dantzic was evacuated.—On the 12th Wellenberg capitulated, Torgau having surrendered a few days, before when the besieging army had been on the point of taking it by storm.

Bonaparte, whose departure from

Paris had been accelerated by the rapid advance of the allies, left his capital on the 25th of January, and arrived at St. Dizier on the 27th. An engagement took place between some of the divisions of Marshal Blücher's army, and the corps commanded by Marshal Victor, before the arrival of Bonaparte; but the result was unimportant, as the affair occurred merely in consequence of a collision of manœuvres, preparatory to a general action, which the commander of the Silesian army was determined to bring on, while the French Emperor should be under the necessity of sustaining the attack under considerable disadvantages, because a retreat would have exposed the corps commanded by Marshal MacDonald to the danger of being cut off. This important action, which is called the battle of Brienne, or the battle of La Rothière, commenced on the morning of the 29th, and it was maintained with such valour on both sides, that it did not terminate until the night of the 30th, when Bonaparte gradually withdrew his troops. The allies are said to have had about 90,000 men in the battle, and the amount of the French force, which consisted of two corps, and a part of the third corps, was estimated at about 60,000 men; but the enemy possessed many advantages in the choice of a strong position, which counterpoised the superiority of numbers on the side of the allies. The carnage in such a hard-fought battle was considerable on both sides; but the French not only lost a park of artillery, but about 3000 prisoners. This action was the most important which has been fought since the commencement of the campaign, because it enabled Bonaparte to make that resistance which afterwards saved Paris, and compelled the allied monarchs to bring into the field the reserves which had been left along the Rhine, in Switzerland, in Swabia, in Westphalia, and in Holland. The allies had possession of Brienne on the 28th of January; but that battle, with its preparatory arrangements, arrested their progress towards Paris for four days, during which Bonaparte not only received immense reinforcements, but obtained sufficient time to concentrate his troops in such a manner, as to be capable of directing a preponderating portion of them, either against the grand allied army, commanded by Prince Schwartzberg, or against the Silesian army, commanded by Marshal Blücher.

The allies proceeded towards Paris, Swartzenberg advancing in the direction of Troyes, while Marshal Blücher, took the road through Chalons sur Maine. Bonaparte, by his manœuvres, not only separated the Silesian army from the grand army, but by an unexpected rapidity of movements broke even Marshal Blücher's line of advance, and attacked a portion of the Silesian army, at Champ-aubert, on the 10th, which he completely defeated, having killed about 2000 of the allies, and taken about 6000 prisoners, in whom were the General of the division, (Alsuffien) and his staff, together with all their rannon, baggage, and ammunition. Another battle ensued on the 11th, near Montmirail, with another corps of Blücher's army, which was defeated with immense loss, having been attacked at the same moment, in consequence of the superiority of numbers possessed by the enemy, in front, in both the flanks, and in the rear. The loss in men, baggage, and ammunition, was considerable. On the 12th, Bonaparte pursued the allies towards Chatean-Thierry, and nearly destroyed the rear guard that protected the flight of the allies, who endeavoured to proceed to Soissons.

The manœuvres, by which Bonaparte was enabled to attack the Silesian army in small detached portions, were also attended with another signal advantage, because the positions of the French troops separated Blücher from any considerable body of his army.—He was obliged to remain during those three important days at Vertus, with some few hundred men, a passive spectator of the dispersion and destruction of his army in detail, without having an opportunity of retrieving his losses by his skill, or animating his troops by his presence. On the 13th, however, having collected part of Langeron's corps, and being joined by the Prussian corps, commanded by Gen. Kleist, amounting, when united, to about 20,000, he again advanced towards Etoges, and drove before him the corps of Marshal Marmont, who retired to Montmirail; but he immediately attracted the notice of Bonaparte, who by forced marches, had arrived at Montmirail on the 14th, where a battle ensued, in which the enemy were again victorious, having overpowered the allied troops by a superiority of numbers. The loss which Marshal Blücher sustained in men, artillery and baggage, was very considerable; but the

retreating army, even after its loss, had the honor, under the guidance of its Chief, to force its way through several columns of the enemy that blocked the road in its rear.

In the mean time, Prince Schwartzberg, who had quitted Troyes on the 14th, moved along the Seine, towards Paris, and having crossed the river at Bray, Pont-Sur-Seine, and Montereau, pushed forward a strong corps as far as Provins and Villeneuve, under the command of Wrede, Wittgenstein, and the Prince of Wirtemberg, while another division under Gen. Bianchi, was sent to take possession of Fontainebleau. Bonaparte, however, immediately proceeded towards the advanced corps of Wrede, Wittgenstein, and the Prince of Wirtemberg; and a battle ensued on the 17th, in which the French were successful, having killed and taken about one half of the allied force that had been thus posted in advance, and compelled the remainder to retreat with the greatest precipitation across the Seine towards Troyes. Bonaparte followed closely in pursuit, but Marshal Blucher, who had rallied his scattered troops, and who had been reinforced by the arrival of some of the reserves from Holland, marched immediately towards Troyes, for the purpose of effecting a junction with Prince Schwartzberg, or of preventing, by his advance, the pressure of the enemy on the grand army.—Bonaparte, however, had arrived so soon at Mery-sur-Seine, that the junction could not be effected; but Prince Schwartzberg directed Marshal Blucher to advance once more towards Paris. In the mean time the pressure on the grand allied army was so great, that Prince Schwartzberg was obliged to evacuate Troyes on a convention, which he obtained, by a threat to burn the city if he should be attacked in it by the enemy, and he retired across the Aube, quickly pursued by Marshals Victor, Oudinot, and Macdonald. Blucher, however, advanced in the mean time to Meaux, and his near approach to Paris so alarmed Bonaparte, that he departed from Troyes on the 27th to overtake the Silesian army. Marshal Marmont and Marshal Mortier had only about 40,000 men to oppose Blucher's advance; but as their force was incapable to give

any effectual resistance, they gradually retired. On the arrival, however, of Bonaparte, a series of battles ensued, from the 1st to the 6th of March.—Marshal Blucher was compelled to retreat; but having forced the city of Soissons, and being joined by the corps of Woronzow, and Winzengerode, he took post near Laon.

A desperate engagement took place on the 8th of March, in which the French Emperor, not only completely failed to dislodge the allies from their position, but he was obliged to retire, after having sustained immense loss in men, artillery, and baggage. Another attempt was made on the 9th and on the 10th, but it was equally unsuccessful, the enemy having been obliged to retreat on the night of the 10th to Soissons. On the 7th Marshal Blucher had sent Gen. Kleist with a corps of about 12,000 men to retake Rheims, and his orders were executed without much difficulty, as the commander of the garrison immediately retreated; but Bonaparte having left Soissons, and arrived at Rheims on the morning of the 13th, ordered Marshal Marmont to attack Gen. Kleist, who occupied the town, and after an obstinate resistance, the allies were obliged to retreat in the utmost confusion, having lost upwards of 6000 men, among whom was the Commander-in-Chief of the corps.

Prince Schwartzberg, who had driven Marshal Oudinot from Bar-Sur-Aube, and Marshal Macdonald from Clairvaux, advanced again to Troyes; but the want of provisions, the weak state of his army, in consequence of the strong force which he had been obliged to send to secure his rear, and some other causes which have not as yet been made public through the medium of official documents, retarded his progress, and prevented him from operating in the rear of Bonaparte's troops that occupied the line from Rheims to Soissons.

(To be continued.)

[As the proceedings of the Imperial Parliament have been but short, and contain nothing peculiarly interesting, we have thought it more advisable to defer their publication till the ensuing month, by which means the reader can survey them since the adjournment at one view.]

DUBLIN.

On Wednesday night, the 6th inst. an alarming fire broke out in a warehouse in Jervis-lane occupied by Messrs. Bowling, Walker, & Co. Druggists, the under part of which was used by Mr. George Meara, of Capel-street, as a Linen and Muslin Ware-house. By the greatest exertions, the fire was confined to the premises in which it originated, until at length it was happily got under. It is with sincere pleasure we add, that Messrs. Bowling & Co. and Mr. Meara, were insured with the Atlas Company to an amount, which more than covers the losses they have sustained.

MARRIAGES.—At Mountstewart, by the Rev. Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart. David Ker, Esq. of Portavo and Monalto, in the county Down, to Lady Selina Stewart, daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Londonderry. Ladies Matilda and Emily Stewart were the bride's maids. The company present were the Hon. Edward and Lady Octavia Law, Mr. and Lady Sarah Price, Colonel and Lady Caroline Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood, and Richard Ker, Esq. of Red-hall. Immediately after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom left Mountstewart for Portavo, on their way to England.

Joseph M'Donnell, Esq. of this city, Merchant, to Miss Newton, of Abbey Lease, Queen's County.

At Fairfield, county Dublin, George Taaffe, Esq. of Emarnor Castle, county Louth, to Eliza, second daughter of R. MacDonnell, Esq. of Allen's-court.

At Mullingar, John Lawrence Kirby, Esq. Capt. in the East Essex Regiment of Militia, to Miss Mary Emma, daughter of R. Jones, Esq. of Westminster.

At Kimmage, county Dublin, the seat of James Edmond Byrne, Esq. Barry Edward Lawless, Esq. of this city, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Edmond Byrne, Esq.

At Limerick, Thomas Ormsby, Esq. Captain in the City of Limerick Militia, to Julia, eldest daughter of Ralph Westropp, Esq. and niece to the Right Hon. Colonel Vereker, M. P.

DEATHS.—At West Lodge, near Galway, Mrs. Margaret O'Hara, wife of James O'Hara, Esq. Recorder of that Corporation, and eldest daughter of Richard Moore, Esq. one of the Commissioners for Appeals in Revenue Causes.

In Abbey-street, on the 11th inst. Mr. John Gillington, aged 72. He was possessed of more than ordinary abili-

ties as an artist. Some of his drawings display the hand of a master, and his conceptions, on almost every subject connected with science, were clear and enlarged. His memory will be long cherished by a numerous acquaintance, and his loss deplored by all who admire true philanthropy and universal benevolence.

In Philippsburgh-avenue, Mrs. Anne Watson, wife of Mr. Lancelot Watson, of said place.

At Minterne Magna, in the County of Dorset, Richard Digby, Esq. Admiral of the Red, and uncle to the Earl of Digby. It was under this Admiral that the Duke of Clarence entered the Navy.

In the 39th year of her age, Mrs. Kelly, wife of Mr. Thomas Kelly, of Clarendon-street, daughter to Mr. Patrick Byrne, of Francis-street, and sister to the late Rev. Mr. P. Byrne, of Meath-street Chapel.

At Larne, county Antrim, Dr. Joseph Allen—a man of strong mind, much research, knowledge, and energy.

In Fair-street, Drogheda, of an unsettled gout, Peter M'Evoy, Esq. Linen Merchant.

At Fortwilliam, county Tipperary, Mrs. Quinn, relict of the late Thomas Quinn, Esq. and mother of the late High Sheriff of that county.

At Powerscourt, the infant daughter of Viscount Powerscourt.

Lieutenant-Colonel Macartney, late of the County Dublin Militia.

At Castletown Roche, in the county of Cork, John Hannan Esq. in the 74th year of his age.

In Humphrey's-Court, Church-street, sincerely and deservedly regretted, Mr. Thos. Beeden, for many years a Book-keeper of acknowledged talent and irreproachable character.

In the 72d year of her age, Mrs. Guinness, relict of the late Arthur Guinness, Esq. of this city. To her very numerous family and connexions, she was greatly endeared by the many amiable and excellent qualities for which she was peculiarly distinguished.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Keating, P. P. of Caher.

At Sunday's-well, Cork, in her 20th year, Miss Dennis, eldest daughter of Counsellor Dennis, of that city.

At Strand Lodge, county Limerick, Mrs. Creagh, relict of the late Alderman Creagh of Limerick.

On Sunday last, at his residence in Philippsburgh-Avenue, after a painful illness, John Armstrong, Esq. merchant in this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to gratify I. P's. wish as soon as it is in our power.

A correspondent who points out new sources of information, is truly our friend. Want of materials is the great difficulty to be overcome in the present case; but we shall not be negligent in their investigation, and we trust he will follow up his hint by assisting us in procuring them when in his power.

Previous favours from other Correspondents oblige us to postpone the communications of T. F. for the present. They shall appear, if possible, next month.

We decline publishing *Castigator's* letter; our distance from the place of the occurrence alluded to precluding us from personal certainty of its truth; and even were we convinced of it, we conceive it our duty to correct the vice rather than the actor.

To *Canicula* we only reply, that we wish the motto of our book to be *Scriptus ad te, matrona, libellus*.—"A book the chastest matron may peruse."—His subject, which we allow to be treated with wit and vivacity, worthy of a better cause, is taken from *Crebillon*. It does little credit to the author and much less to his imitator.

Lines to Laura, Laura's birth day. Epigram and Epitaph, The Lamp-lighter, Thoughts in Dublin bay, are left at the publishers for their authors, and will be given to whoever can verify his right to them by naming the signature affixed.

If *Juvenis*, (we beg pardon, on revising the paper, we find that we have misspelt his signature,) if *Juvenis* will favour us with his opinion of what an Anacreontic should be, it shall have immediate insertion. This we conceive to be the best mode of deciding the point at issue. But we wish it to be clearly understood that we are determined not to publish any verses, whether Anacreontic or not, which are of an immoral tendency, as must be the case with all those whose subjects are praises of drinking and sensual love.*

We have to request of all who purpose to favour us with poetic compositions, not to transmit any which by their own confession stand in need of much correction.

The singular document relative to the ancient History of Ireland, shall appear in our next. We have to inform all persons interested in investigating and publishing the reliques of our ancient History, that we have directed our attention peculiarly to this object, and shall give the earliest admission possible to every well authenticated paper on the subject.

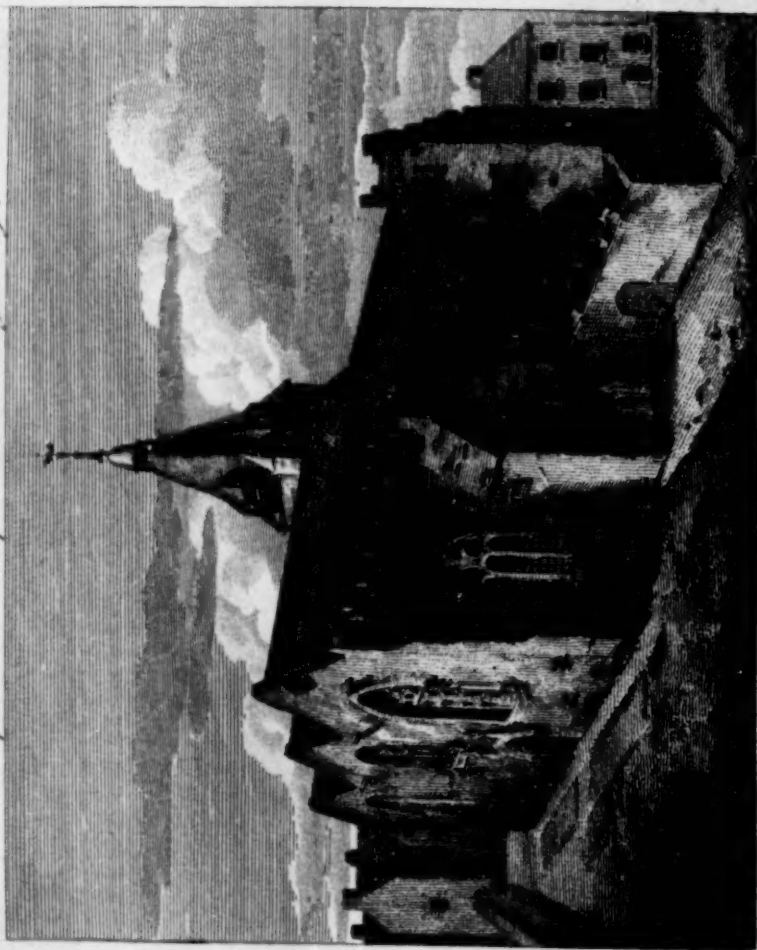
W. K's. note came too late for insertion this month.

* * We have particularly to request, that such persons residing in the Country, as wish to promote this attempt at the literary improvement of Ireland, will communicate any local occurrences that may come to their knowledge. We wish our Miscellany to be a Repertory of Facts, as well as a Vehicle of Opinions.

* By applying to the publisher he will receive a packet from our office.

1 JY59

View of the Church of St. Nicholas, Galway.



Engraved by Boscawen, from a Drawing by Harvey, for the Dublin Monthly Magazine.